

THE
P O E M S
OF
GRAY.

THE
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OF
GRAY.

A NEW EDITION.

ADORNED WITH PLATES.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

WE have added few notes to this edition besides those proceeding from the pen of the author, which are referred to by letters: but we have carefully preserved every poem or fragment published by Mr. Gray's executor; several of which have been unaccountably omitted in a late edition. The public may therefore look upon this as the only complete collection of Mr. Gray's poems that has appeared since the one edited by Mr. Mason. Upon the merits of the embellishments annexed to this volume it is not for us to decide: we shall only say that no

expense has been spared (as the names of the artists employed will sufficiently evince) to render them worthy, not only of the poems they illustrate, but of the progress made by the national taste within these few years; and that every degree of attention has been bestowed on the correctness of the text (an object so important, yet so generally neglected), which we have reason to believe will be found entirely free from typographical errors.

SOME ACCOUNT
OF
THE LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
GRAY.

It has been frequently observed that the lives of men of letters do not abound with incidents. The fact is less remarkable than the obligation under which so many biographers have thought themselves, of apologizing for it; as if readers of sense need be told that the memoirs of a philosopher, or poet, cannot yield the same species of entertainment as those

of a statesman or general: yet, as it is natural for those who admire the writings of a poet to wish to know something of the man, we shall here relate the few circumstances which have been recorded concerning our author.

THOMAS GRAY was born in London the 26th of December, 1716, and was early sent to Eton-college, under the tuition of Mr. Antrobus, his maternal uncle; who being a man of learning and taste, directed his nephew to those studies which laid the foundation of his future literary fame. At this seminary he contracted the strictest intimacy with two votaries of the muses, the late Earl of Orford, then the Honourable Horace Walpole, and Mr. Richard West, a young gen-

tleman of very promising talents, but who did not outlive his twenty-sixth year.

From Eton Gray went to Cambridge, and was admitted a pensioner at Peterhouse in 1734: he did not, however, remain long at that university, as the relish he had contracted for polite literature rendered the abstruse studies, which too much engross the attention of young men there, not only tasteless but irksome; still

“ Song was his favourite and first pursuit.”

His thoughts were now directed to the law as a profession for life; but, like Garrick in the picture, between tragedy and comedy, he hung back with fond reluctance on the muse, and readily accepted an invitation from

Mr. Walpole, to accompany him in his travels abroad. They set out together for France, and visited most of the places worthy of notice in that country; from thence they proceeded to Italy, where, a disagreement arising between them, a separation ensued; and our author returned to England in September 1741. He appears, from the collection of his letters published by Mr. Mason, to have paid, during his journey, the minutest attention to every object deserving notice. His descriptions are lively and picturesque; and abundant information, as well as entertainment, may be derived from his casual letters.

Soon after his arrival in England he lost his father, whose profession was that of a money-scrivener; but

who being of an indolent and profuse disposition, had considerably impaired his fortune.

The following year Gray seems to have applied his mind very sedulously to poetry, for he wrote during that year his odes *to Spring*, *to Eton-college*, and *to Adversity*; besides the sonnet in which he so pathetically bewails the loss of his friend, Mr. West. It is supposed that he began also about this time his celebrated *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*. The interesting melancholy which pervades the ode to Spring may have been occasioned by a presage of what was to happen; and it is not to be doubted that his sorrow gave a tone to his two other odes, written about three months after his friend's death, which must dif-

fuse an additional charm over those poems, at least in the judgment of every reader of taste and sensibility.

The conveniences which a college life presented to a person of his narrow fortune and studious turn of mind induced our author to return to Cambridge; where, after being admitted, in 1742, to the degree of bachelor in the civil law, he for several years devoted a considerable portion of his time to the study of the best Greek authors. Here he wrote a sarcastical poem on the ignorance and dulness with which he was surrounded, though situated in the centre of learning. Of this poem only a fragment remains, from which it may be inferred that it was intended as an hymn or address to Ignorance. The fragment is wholly

introductory; yet many of the lines are so strong, and the general cast of the versification is so harmonious, that it will probably give the generality of readers a higher opinion of his poetical talents than many of his lyric productions have done.

In 1747 Gray became acquainted with Mr. Mason, a gentleman who ranks high among the poets of the present age, and whose loss will be long felt by the literature of his country.^a Having, at the request of a friend, revised three poems written by that gentleman, this laid the foundation of a friendship which terminated only with life; and Mr. Mason, after Gray's death, besides accepting the appointment of one of his executors, tes-

^a He died lately at a very advanced age.

tified his regard for him, by superintending the publication of his works.

A few years after his return to England, a reconciliation had been effected (through the intervention of a lady who wished well to both parties) between our author and Mr. Walpole. A favourite cat of that gentleman's happening, about this time, to be drowned in a tub of gold fishes, gave occasion to a little ode on the event, in which humour and instruction are happily blended: but the following year Gray produced an effort of much greater importance; the fragment of an essay on the alliance of Education and Government. Its tendency was to demonstrate the necessary concurrence of both to form great and useful men. It is ever to be re-

gretted that he did not accomplish his design, which was surely the most noble he had ever conceived, and, as far as he put it in execution, one of the most finished. Had it been completed, we may with confidence assert, that it would have been one of the first poems of the kind, either in our own or in any other language.

In 1750 he put the finishing stroke to his *Elegy written in a Country Church-yard*, which introduced him to the notice of Lady Cobham, and gave rise to a singular composition, called *A Long Story*.

The *Elegy* was by far the most generally admired of our author's productions. "It abounds," as Dr. Johnson observes, "with images which
" find a mirror in every mind, and

“ with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo:” whereas, to relish lyric poetry, it is necessary to have acquired, not only a cultivated taste, but in some degree a fictitious one: hence it has been justly remarked, that this species of poetry, though answering most to Shakespear’s definition, as it gives “ to airy nothing a local habitation and a name,” can never be popular.

The year 1753 was memorable to Gray by the loss of his mother, to whom he had on all occasions shewn the most tender regard, and on whose tomb he wrote an epitaph, which, for pathos and true inscriptive simplicity, is exceeded by few in our language.

It appears by a letter to Dr. Wharton, that the ode on the *Progress of*

Poesy was finished early in 1755. The *Bard* was begun about the same time; and the following year our author wrote a beautiful fragment on the *Pleasure arising from Vicissitude*. The merit of the two former pieces, which, in Mr. Mason's opinion, "breathe the high spirit of lyric enthusiasm," was not immediately perceived: they have been accused of obscurity; but the one can be obscure only to those who have not read Pindar; and the other to such only as are unacquainted with the history of this country. The transitions in both are sudden and impetuous; the language full of fire and force; the imagery carried without impropriety to the most daring height; and it may justly be doubted whether we possess in our language any lyric

poem written in a more sublime strain than the Bard.

It is, however, somewhat strange that, in characterising the figure of his Bard, Mr. Gray should have had, as he tells us, an eye to Raphael's design of the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel; whilst he informed Mr. Mason that the figure of Moses breaking the tables of the law by Parmegiano "came still nearer to his meaning;" figures than whom, no two more dissimilar to each other in conception, can be found in the whole series of Painting: the figure of Raphael, rather dignified and calm than sublime, is wrapt in contemplation: that of Parmegiano has more of passion than of energy, and loses the legislator in the savage.

In 1757 the office of Poet Laureat became vacant by the death of Colley Cibber; and it was offered to Gray; but he refused the appointment, probably owing to the disgrace brought upon the office through the inability of some who had filled it.

Having, in 1765, undertaken a journey to Scotland, for the recovery of his health, he became acquainted with Dr. Beattie; in whom he found, as he himself expresses it, a poet, a philosopher, and a good man. Through the intervention of his friend, the Doctor, the Marischal College at Aberdeen offered him the degree of Doctor of Laws, which he declined accepting, as he had omitted to take the same degree at Cambridge.

In 1768 he received an offer from

the Duke of Grafton of the place of Professor of Languages and History at Cambridge, which he had in vain applied for under Lord Bute's administration. The place was valuable in itself, and was rendered peculiarly acceptable to Gray, as he obtained it without solicitation.

Soon after he succeeded to this office, the impaired state of his health rendered another journey necessary; and he visited, in 1769, the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland. The anxiety he felt at holding a place, without discharging the duties annexed to it, contributed not a little to increase the malady under which he laboured; and the office at length became so irksome, that he seriously purposed to resign it.

Towards the close of May 1771, he removed from Cambridge to London, after having suffered violent attacks of an hereditary gout, which his abstemious manner of living could never overcome. By the advice of his physicians, he went from London to Kensington, the air of which place proved so salutary, that he was soon enabled to return to Cambridge; whence he designed to make a visit to his friend, Dr. Wharton, at Old Park, near Durham, indulging a fond hope that the excursion might re-establish his health; but, alas! that hope proved delusive. On the 24th of July he was seized, while at dinner in the College-hall, with a sudden nausea, which obliged him to retire to his chamber. The gout had fixed in his stomach so as to resist

all the powers of medicine. On the 29th he was attacked with strong convulsions, which returned with increased violence the next day; and, on the evening of the 31st of July, 1771, he expired, in the 55th year of his age.

Doctor Johnson's opinion of the Church-yard has been mentioned. His partial and uncandid mode of criticising the other writings of Gray, has given just offence to every liberal mind. Disdaining all consideration of the general plan and conduct of the pieces, he has confined himself to strictures upon words and forms of expression; an ordeal which the most perfect composition can hardly pass without injury. The Doctor's opinions appear to have been strongly biassed by his political and religious princi-

ples; and though every one must admire his vast intuitive knowledge and power of discrimination, few, it is presumed, will implicitly subscribe to his decisions in regard to poetry, since he wanted the most essential qualification of a good critic—impartiality.

Of the specimens imitated from the Norse and Welsh Poetry, the *Descent of Odin* is undoubtedly the most sublime, and owes perhaps some of that sublimity to its being a fragment; for in the Edda of Sæmundus, our poet's initial stanza is preceded by five introductory ones, which contain the anxious debates of the celestial synod on the impending fate of Balder. The abruptness with which the English poet hurries into the midst of his subject, forcibly seizes the reader, and en-

sure restless curiosity: he has not, however, always reached the mysterious grandeur of the original tale, and, by his metre, sometimes counteracts the awful simplicity of its language.

The *Fatal Sisters*, amid a variety of terrific beauties, furnish a striking instance of the unequal power of images addressed to the ear, and to the eye. The "human entrails," and the "gasping warriors' heads," that supply the weaving phantoms with texture and weights, are suffered to spread and dangle, without creating much indignation or abhorrence: had they been imitated by painting, we should equally loath the fancy that bred, and the work that exposed them to our eye.

The *Triumphs of Owen*, if it be not a fragment, exhibits little more than a specimen of armorial imagery, which bears a singular resemblance to the heraldic paintings of the feudal times; arms rather than the man, and implements of prowess instead of its effects.^b

As a writer Gray had this peculiarity, that he did not set down his thoughts at first in careless verse, but laboured every line as it arose in the train of composition; a mode of writing suited only to such small poems as usually employed his pen, but which renders his unfinished productions more worthy of being submitted to the public eye.

^b For several of the foregoing observations, the editor is indebted to the friendship and learning of H. Fuseli, Esq. Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy.

It has been suggested that he once embraced the resolution of republishing Strabo; and the suggestion is confirmed by the number of geographical disquisitions found among his papers, which appear too minute for the gratification of general enquiry. With the writings of Plato he had taken uncommon pains; and he bequeathed to Mr. Mason a manuscript of the Greek Anthologia, with a copious index and notes. A design far more worthy of his talents, that of writing a history of English poetry, may be spoken of with more certainty, since therein he had not only engaged with Mr. Mason as a colleague, but actually versified the Norse and Welsh poems inserted in his works, for specimens of the wild spirit which animated the bards of an-

cient days. The extensive compass however of the subject, and the knowledge that it was also in the hands of Mr. Thomas Warton, induced him to relinquish what he had so successfully begun.

He appears, from Mr. Mason's narrative, to have acquired a great degree of knowledge in gothic architecture and heraldry; but the favourite study of our author, for the last ten years of his life, was natural history, which he rather resumed than began, having, by the instructions of his uncle Antrobus, become a considerable botanist at fifteen. He likewise possessed an exquisite taste in music and painting; and Mr. Mason adds, "that except-
"ing pure mathematics, and the stu-
"dies dependent on that science, there

“ was hardly any part of human learning in which he had not acquired a competent skill; in most of them a consummate mastery.” In private life he was most respected by those who best knew him: his heart was benevolent, and his hand liberal. In his application to the muses, he was actuated by no pecuniary view; and it is remarkable that in his conduct he was equally free from extravagance as from avarice: we must however add, that he was induced to decline taking any advantage of his literary productions from a degree of pride, which made him disdain the idea of being thought an author by profession.

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POSTHUMOUS POEMS AND FRAGMENTS

BY GRAY.

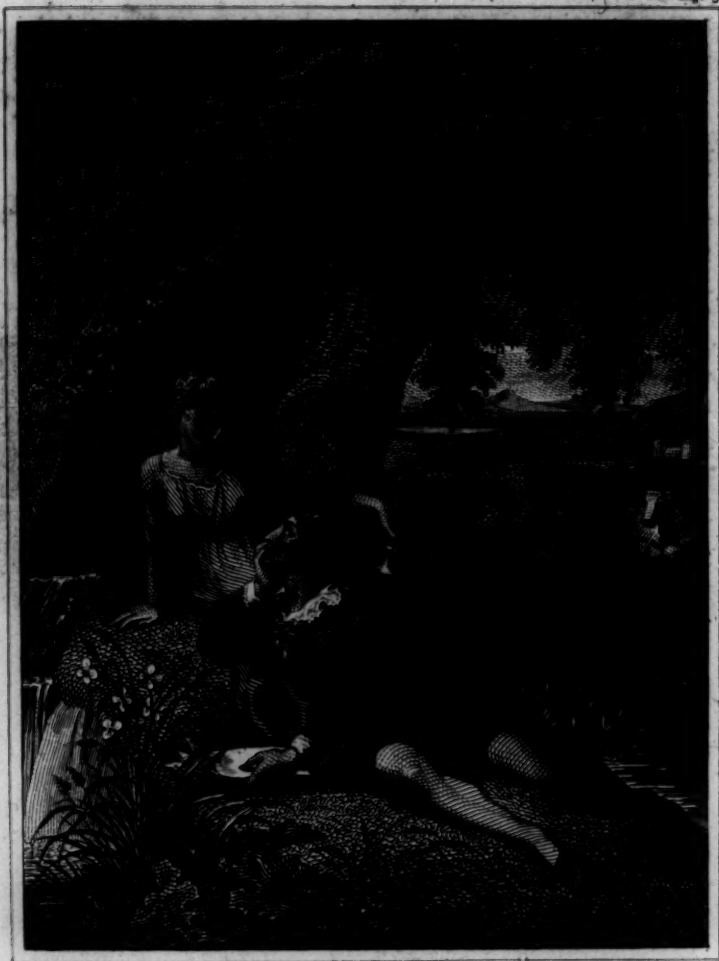
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P O E M S,

BY

G R A Y.



W^m Hamilton R.A. delin.

Jas. Knapp sculp.

*Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the muse shall sit and think.*

Ode to Spring.

O D E S.

ON THE SPRING.

The title originally given by Mr. Gray to this Ode was
"Noontide."

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expected flowers,
And wake the purple year,
The attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
 A broader browner shade,^a
 Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
 O'er-canopies the glade,^a
 Beside some water's rushy brink
 With me the muse shall sit, and think
 (At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
 How vain the ardour of the crowd,
 How low, how little are the proud,
 How indigent the great! ¹

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
 The panting herds repose:
 Yet hark, how through the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows!
 The insect youth are on the wing,
 Eager to taste the honied spring,

^a *O'er-canopies the glade.*

..... a bank,

O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine.

Shaksp. Mids. Night's Dream.

¹ VARIATION.—How low, how indigent the proud;
 How little are the great.

And float amid the liquid noon:^b
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some shew their gaily-gilded trim
 Quick-glancing to the sun.^c

To Contemplation's sober eye^d
 Such is the race of man:
 And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began.
 Alike the busy and the gay
 But flutter through life's little day,
 In Fortune's varying colours drest:
 Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
 Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
 They leave, in dust to rest.

^b *And float amid the liquid noon.*

Nare per æstatem liquidam—
Virgil Georg. lib. 4.

^c *Quick glancing to the sun.*

..... sporting with quick glance,
 Shew to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold.
Milton's Paradise Lost, book 7.

^d *To Contemplation's sober eye.*

While insects from the threshold preach, &c.
M. Green, in the Grotto.
Dodsley's Miscellanies, vol. 5. p. 161.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,

The sportive kind reply:

Poor moralist! and what art thou?

A solitary fly!

Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,

No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,

No painted plumage to display:

On hasty wings thy youth is flown;

Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—

We frolic while 'tis May.

ON THE DEATH
OF
A FAVOURITE CAT,
DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
 Two angel forms were seen to glide,²
 The genii of the stream:
 Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
 Through richest purple to the view
 Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
 A whisker first, and then a claw,
 With many an ardent wish,
 She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.
 What female heart can gold despise?
 What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
 Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
 Nor knew the gulf between.
 (Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)
 The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
 She tumbled headlong in.

² VAR.—Two beauteous forms.

First edition in Dodsley's Misc.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No dolphin came, no nereid stirr'd:
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.
A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters gold.

ON
A DISTANT PROSPECT
OF
ETON COLLEGE.

"Ἀνθρώποις" ἰκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυσυχεῖν. Menander.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade ;^c
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way :

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields belov'd in vain!

^c King Henry the Sixth, founder of the College.

Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales that from ye blow
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,^f
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race
 Disporting on thy margent green
 The paths of pleasure trace;
 Who foremost now delight to cleave,
 With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
 The captive linnet which enthrall?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball?

^f *And, redolent of joy and youth.*

And bees their honey redolent of spring.

Dryden's fable on the Pythag. System.

While some on earnest business bent
 Their murm'ring labours ply
 'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty:
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry:
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast:
 Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
 Wild wit, invention ever-new,
 And lively cheer, of vigour born;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom
 The little victims play;

No sense have they of ills to come,

Nor care beyond to-day:

Yet see, how all around 'em wait

The ministers of human fate,

And black Misfortune's baleful train!

Ah, show them where in ambush stand,

To seize their prey, the murd'rous band!

Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,

The vultures of the mind,

Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,

And Shame that sculks behind;

Or pining Love shall waste their youth,

Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,

That inly gnaws the secret heart;

And Envy wan, and faded Care,

Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,

And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,

Then whirl the wretch from high,

To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,

And grinning Infamy.
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
 And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
 That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
 And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
 And moody Madness laughing wild ‡
 Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
 A grisly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their queen:
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every labouring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage:
 Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings: all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan;

‡ *And moody Madness laughing wild.*

And Madness laughing in his ireful mood.

Dryden's Fable of Palamon and Arcite.

The tender for another's pain,

Th' unfeeling for his own.

Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,

Since sorrow never comes too late,

And happiness too swiftly flies?

Thought would destroy their paradise.

No more;—where ignorance is bliss,

'Tis folly to be wise.

TO ADVERSITY.

..... Ζῆνα
 Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτῶν, ὁδῶ-
 σάντα, τῷ πάθει μάδαν
 Θίνα κυρίως ἔχειν.

Æschylus, in Agamemnone.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best!
 Bound in thy adamantine chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
 And bade to form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore:

What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!

Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's fun'ral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty:

Thy form benign, oh goddess! wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.^h

Φωῖᾱντα συνετοῖσιν' ἱς

Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἱρμητέων

Χατίζει.

Pindar, Olymp. II.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,ⁱ

And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.

From Helicon's harmonious springs

A thousand rills their mazy progress take:

^h When the Author first published this and the following Ode, he was advised, even by his friends, to subjoin some few explanatory notes; but had too much respect for the understanding of his readers to take that liberty.

ⁱ *Awake, Æolian lyre, awake.*

Awake, my glory: awake, lute and harp.

David's Psalms.

VARIATION.—Awake, my lyre: my glory, wake.

Pindar styles his own poetry, with its musical accompaniments, Αἰολίς μολπὴ Αἰολίδες χορδαί, Αἰολίδων πνοαὶ αὐλῶν, Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.

The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are united.

The laughing flow'rs that round them blow,
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
 Now the rich stream of music winds along,
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
 Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :
 Now rolling down the steep amain,
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
 The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

Oh! sov'reign of the willing soul,^k
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
 And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul.
 On Thracia's hills the lord of war
 Has curb'd the fury of his car,

The various sources of poetry, which gives life and lustre to all it touches, are here described; its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction, and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

^k *Oh! sovereign of the willing soul.*

Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul.
 The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.

And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.
 Perching on the sceptred hand¹
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
 With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:
 Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
 The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,^m
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
 O'er Idalia's velvet-green
 The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
 On Cytherea's day
 With antic Sport, and blue-ey'd Pleasures,
 Frisking light in frolic measures;
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet:
 To brisk notes in cadence beating,

¹ *Perching on the sceptred hand.*

This is a weak imitation of some beautiful lines in the same ode.

^m *Thee the voice, the dance obey.*

Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

Glance their many-twinkling feet.ⁿ
 Slow melting strains their queen's approach declare:
 Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
 In gliding state she wins her easy way:
 O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
 The bloom of young desire and purple light of love.^o

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await!^p
 Labour, and penury, the racks of pain,
 Disease, and sorrow's weeping train,
 And death, sad refuge from the storms of fate!

ⁿ *Glance their many-twinkling feet.*

Μαρμαρυγῆς θνήτο ποδῶν· θαύμαζε δὲ θυμῷ.

Homer, Od. Θ.

^o *The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love.*

Δάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφύρεσσι

Παρίησι φῶς ἔρωτος.

Phrynicus apud Athenæum.

^p *Man's feeble race what ills await!*

To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the day, by its cheerful presence, to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.

The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly muse?
 Night and all her sickly dews,
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky:
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar[¶]
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,[†]
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,

[¶] *Till down the eastern cliffs afar.*

Or seen the morning's well-appointed star
 Come marching up the eastern hills afar.

Cowley.

[†] *In climes beyond the solar road.*

Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connexion with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welsh fragments, the Lapland and American songs.]

Extra anni solisque vias—

Virgil.

Tutta lontana dal camin del sole.

Petrarch, Canzon. 2.

The muse has broke the twilight-gloom
 To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.
 And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
 In loose numbers wildly sweet
 Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
 Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and gen'rous shame,
 Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,*
 Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,

* *Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep.*

Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surry and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there. Spencer imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them: but this school expired soon after the restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In lingering lab'rinth creep,
 How do your tuneful echoes languish,
 Mute, but to the voice of anguish!
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breath'd around;
 Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling^t laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To him the mighty mother did unveil

^t *Nature's darling.*

Shakespear.

Her awful face: the dauntless child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
 This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year:
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
 This can unlock the gates of joy;
 Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

III. 2.

Nor second he, that rode sublime ^u
 Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy,

He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time: ^x
 The living throne, the sapphire blaze, ^y
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,

^u *Nor second he, that rode sublime.*

Milton.

^x *He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time.*

... flammantia mœnia mundi.

Lucretius.

^y *The living throne, the sapphire blaze.*

For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels.
 And above the firmament that was over their heads, was the

He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
 Clos'd his eyes in endless night.^z
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
 Two coursers of ethereal race,^a
 With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding
 pace.^b

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
 Bright ey'd Fancy, hov'ring o'er,
 Scatters from her pictur'd urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.^c

likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone.
 This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord.

Ezekiel i. 20, 26, 28.

^z *Clos'd his eyes in endless night.*

Οφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσι· διδου δ' ἡδεῖαν ἀοιδίην.

Hom. Od.

^a *Two coursers of ethereal race.*

Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy
 of Dryden's rhymes.

^b *With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace.*

Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?

Job.

^c *Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.*

Words that weep, and tears that speak.

Cowley.

But ah! 'tis heard no more^d—

Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 That the Theban eagle bear,^e
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Through the azure deep of air:
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms as glitter in the muse's ray
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

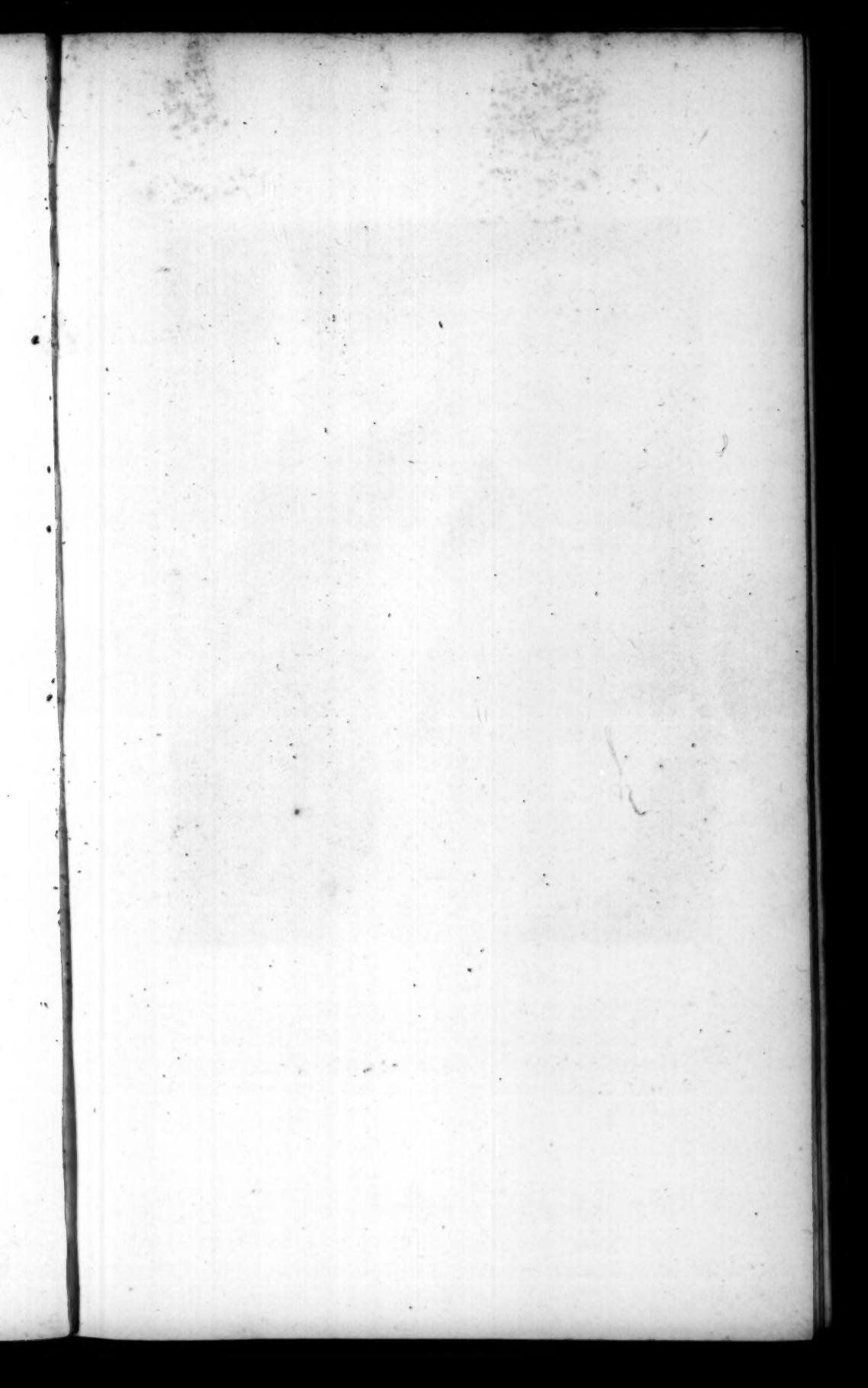
^d *But ah! 'tis heard no more—*

We have had in our language no other odes of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's day; for Cowley, who had his merit, yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his choruses; above all in the last of Caractacus:

Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread? &c.

^e *That the Theban eagle bear.*

Διὸς ἀπὸς ὄρνιθα θεῖον. Olymp. 2. Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.





W. Pirell R. Agnes?

The Holloway sculp.

*With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line*

The Bard.

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

This Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

I. 1.

- “ RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!
 “ Confusion on thy banners wait;
 “ Though fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing,
 “ They mock the air with idle state.^f
 “ Helm, nor hauberk’s twisted mail,^g
 “ Nor e’en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
 “ To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,

^f *They mock the air with idle state.*

Mocking the air with colours idly spread.

Shakespear’s King John.

^g *Helm, nor hauberk’s twisted mail.*

The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

"From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride^h
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy sideⁱ
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast^k in speechless trance:
 To arms! cried Mortimer,^l and couch'd his quiv'ring
 lance.

^h *the crested pride.*

The crested adder's pride.

Dryden's Indian Queen.

ⁱ *As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side.*

Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract which the Welsh themselves call Craigian-eryri: it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle of Conway, built by King Edward the First, says, "Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis "Erery;" and Matthew of Westminster, (ad ann. 1283) "Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ fecit erigi "castrum forte."

^k *Stout Glo'ster stood aghast*

Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.

^l *To arms! cried Mortimer*

Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

They both were Lords Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this expedition.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the poet stood;
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair^m
 Stream'd, like a meteor,ⁿ to the troubled air)
 And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
 "Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
 "Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
 "O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
 "Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
 "Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 "To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

^m *Loose his beard, and hoary hair.*

The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel. There are two of these paintings, both believed to be originals, one at Florence, the other in the duke of Orleans's collection at Paris.

ⁿ *Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air.*

Shone, like a meteor, streaming to the wind.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

I. 3.

- " Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
 " That hush'd the stormy main :
 " Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
 " Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 " Modred, whose magic song
 " Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
 " On dreary Arvon's shore^o they lie,
 " Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale :
 " Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail ;
 " The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.^p
 " Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,

^o *On dreary Arvon's shore*

The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey.

^p *The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.*

Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their ærie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welsh Craigian-eryri, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest point of Snowdon is called the Eagle's nest. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify: it even has built its nest in the peak of Derbyshire. (See Willoughby's Ornithol. published by Ray.)

- " Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes^q,
 " Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 " Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
 " No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 " On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 " I see them sit, they linger yet,
 " Avengers of their native land:
 " With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 " And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.^r

II. 1.

- " Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 " The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
 " Give ample room and verge enough
 " The characters of hell to trace.
 " Mark the year, and mark the night,
 " When Severn shall re-echo with affright

^q *Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes.*

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart

Shakespear's Jul. Cæsar.

^r *And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.*

See the Norwegian ode (the Fatal Sisters) that follows.

" The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that

" ring,

" Shrieks of an agonizing king!^s

" She-wolf of France,^t with unrelenting fangs,

" That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,

" From thee be born,^u who o'er thy country hangs

" The scourge of heav'n. What terrors round him

" wait!

" Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd,

" And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.

II. 2.

" Mighty victor, mighty lord!

" Low on his fun'ral couch he lies!^x

" No pitying heart, no eye, afford

^s *Shrieks of an agonizing king!*

Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley castle.

^t *She-wolf of France*

Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous queen.

^u *From thee be born, &c.*

Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

^x *Low on his funeral couch he lies!*

Death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

" A tear to grace his obsequies.

" Is the sable warrior fled? ^y

" Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.

" The swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were
born?

" Gone to salute the rising morn.

" Fair laughs the morn,^z and soft the zephyr blows,

" While proudly riding o'er the azure realm

" In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;

" Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;

" Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,

" That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'ning

" prey.

^y *Is the sable warrior fled?*

Edward the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.

^z *Fair laughs the morn, &c.*

Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froissard
and other contemporary writers.

VAR. Mirrors of Saxon truth and loyalty,

Your helpless, old, expiring master view!

They hear not: scarce religion dares supply

Her mutter'd requiems, and her holy dew.

Yet thou, proud boy, from Pomfret's walls shall send

A sigh, and envy oft thy happy grandsire's end.

II. 3.

- " Fill high the sparkling bowl,^a
 " The rich repast prepare,
 " Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
 " Close by the regal chair
 " Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 " A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
 " Heard ye the din of battle bray,^b
 " Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
 " Long years of havock urge their destin'd course,
 " And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 " Ye tow'rs of Julius,^c London's lasting shame,
 " With many a foul and midnight murder fed,

^a *Fill high the sparkling bowl.*

Richard the Second, as we are told by Archbishop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers, was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exon is of much later date.

^b *Heard ye the din of battle bray?*

Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

^c *Ye tow'rs of Julius.*

Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

- " Revere his consort's faith,^d his father's fame,^e
 " And spare the meek usurper's holy head.^f
 " Above, below, the rose of snow,^g
 " Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread:
 " The bristled boar^h in infant gore
 " Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 " Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
 " Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

- " Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 " (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)

^d *Revere his consort's faith . . .*

Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

^e *. his father's fame.*

Henry the Fifth.

^f *And spare the meek usurper's holy head.*

Henry the Sixth, very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

^g *. . . the rose of snow, &c.*

The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

^h *The bristled boar . . .*

The silver boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of the Boar.

- " Half of thy heart we consecrate.ⁱ
 " (The web is wove. The work is done.)
 " Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 " Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
 " In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 " They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 " But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 " Descending slow their glitt'ring skirts unrol?
 " Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
 " Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
 " No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.^k
 " All-hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail!^l

ⁱ *Half of thy heart we consecrate.*

Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and other places.

^k *No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.*

It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that king Arthur was still alive in Fairyland, and would return again to reign over Britain.

VAR.—From Cambria's thousand hills, a thousand strains
 Triumphant tell aloud, another Arthur reigns.

^l *All-hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail!*

Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied, that the Welsh

III. 2.

- " Girt with many a baron bold
 " Sublime their starry fronts they rear;⁴
 " And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old,
 " In bearded majesty, appear.
 " In the midst a form divine!
 " Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
 " Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,^m
 " Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
 " What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 " What strains of vocal transport round her play!
 " Hear from the grave, great Talliessin,ⁿ hear;
 " They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.

should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

⁴ VARIATION.—Youthful knights, and barons bold,
 With dazzling helm, and horrent spear.

Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face.

^m Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth, to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says, " And thus she, " lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no less with " her stately port and majestical deporture, than with the " tartnesse of her princelie checkes."

ⁿ *Hear from the grave, great Talliessin.*

Talliessin, chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

" Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
 " Waves in the eye of heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

III. 3.

" The verse adorn again
 " Fierce war and faithful love,^o
 " And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
 " In buskin'd measures move ^p
 " Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
 " With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 " A voice, as of the cherub-choir,^q
 " Gales from blooming Eden bear;
 " And distant warblings lessen on my ear,^r
 " That lost in long futurity expire.

^o *Fierce war, and faithful love.*

Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

Spenser's Proëme to the Fairy Queen.

^p *In buskin'd measures move.*

Shakespear.

^q *A voice, as of the cherub-choir.*

Milton.

^r *And distant warblings lessen on my ear.*

The succession of Poets after Milton's time.

" Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,

" Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?

" To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,

" And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

" Enough for me: with joy I see

" The diff'rent doom our fates assign.

" Be thine despair, and sceptred care,

" To triumph, and to die, are mine."

He spoke; and headlong from the mountain's height

Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.⁵

⁵ The original argument of this ode, as Mr. Gray had set it down in one of the pages of his common-place book, was as follows: " The army of Edward I. as they march through a
" deep valley, are suddenly stopped by the appearance of a
" venerable figure seated on the summit of an inaccessible
" rock, who, with a voice more than human, reproaches
" the king with all the misery and desolation which he had
" brought on his country; foretells the misfortunes of the
" Norman race, and with prophetic spirit declares, that all
" his cruelty shall never extinguish the noble ardour of poetic
" genius in this island; and that men shall never be wanting
" to celebrate true virtue and valour in immortal strains, to
" expose vice and infamous pleasure, and boldly censure ty-
" ranny and oppression. His song ended, he precipitates
" himself from the mountain, and is swallowed up by the
" river that rolls at its foot."

" Fine (says Mr. Mason) as the conclusion of this ode is

at present, I think it would have been still finer, if he could have executed it according to this plan; but, unhappily for his purpose, instances of English poets were wanting. Spenser had that enchanting flow of verse which was peculiarly calculated to *celebrate virtue and valour*; but he chose to celebrate them, not literally, but in allegory. Shakespear, who had talents for every thing, was undoubtedly capable of *exposing vice and infamous pleasure*; and the drama was a proper vehicle for his satire; but we do not ever find that he professedly made this his object; nay, we know that, in one inimitable character, he has so contrived as to make vices of the worst kind, such as cowardice, drunkenness, dishonesty, and lewdness, not only laughable, but almost amiable; for with all these sins on his head, who can help liking Falstaff? Milton, of all our great poets, was the only one *who boldly censured tyranny and oppression*: but he chose to deliver this censure, not in poetry, but in prose. Dryden was a mere court parasite to the most infamous of all courts. Pope, with all his laudable detestation of corruption and bribery, was a Tory; and Addison, though a Whig and a fine writer, was unluckily not enough of a poet for his purpose. On these considerations Mr. Gray was necessitated to change his plan towards the conclusion: hence we perceive, that in the last epode he praises Spenser only *for his allegory*, Shakespear *for his powers of moving the passions*, and Milton *for his epic excellence*. I remember the ode lay unfinished by him for a year or two on this very account; and I hardly believe that it would ever have had his last hand but for the circumstance of his hearing Parry play on the Welsh harp at a concert at Cambridge, (see Letter xxv. sect. iv.) which he often declared inspired him with the conclusion.

“ Mr. Smith, the musical composer and worthy pupil of

Mr. Handel, had once an idea of setting this ode, and of having it performed by way of serenata or oratorio. A common friend of his and Mr. Gray's interested himself much in this design, and drew out a clear analysis of the ode, that Mr. Smith might more perfectly understand the poet's meaning. He conversed also with Mr. Gray on the subject, who gave him an idea for the overture, and marked also some passages in the ode in order to ascertain which should be recitative, which air, what kind of air, and how accompanied. The design was, however, not executed; and therefore I shall only (in order to give the reader a taste of Mr. Gray's musical feelings) insert in this place what his sentiments were concerning the overture. "It should be so contrived as to be a proper introduction to the ode; it might consist of two movements, the first descriptive of the horror and confusion of battle, the last a march grave and majestic, but expressing the exultation and insolent security of conquest. This movement should be composed entirely of wind instruments, except the kettle-drum heard at intervals. The *da capo* of it must be suddenly broke in upon, and put to silence by the clang of the harp in a tumultuous rapid movement, joined with the voice, all at once, and not ushered in by any symphony. The harmony may be strengthened by any other stringed instrument; but the harp should every where prevail, and form the continued running accompaniment, submitting itself to nothing but the voice."

"I cannot (adds Mr. Mason) quit this and the preceding ode, without saying a word or two concerning the obscurity which has been imputed to them, and the preference which, in consequence, has been given to his Elegy. It seems as if the persons, who hold this opinion, suppose that every spe-

cies of poetry ought to be equally clear and intelligible: than which position nothing can be more repugnant to the several specific natures of composition, and to the practice of ancient art. Not to take Pindar and his odes for an example, (though what I am here defending were written professedly in imitation of him) I would ask, are all the writings of Horace, his Epistles, Satires, and Odes, equally perspicuous? Among his odes, separately considered, are there not remarkable differences of this very kind? Is the spirit and meaning of that which begins, "Descende cœlo, & dic, age, tibiâ," Ode 4. lib. 3. so readily comprehended as "Persicos odi, puer, apparatus," Ode 38. l. 1. And is the latter a finer piece of lyrical composition on that account? Is "Integer vitæ, scelerisq; purus," Ode 22. l. 1. superior to "Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari," Ode 2. l. 4. because it may be understood at the first reading, and the latter not without much study and reflection? Now between these odes, thus compared, there is surely equal difference in point of perspicuity, as between the Progress of Poesy, and the Prospect of Eton; the Ode on the Spring, and the Bard. But, say these objectors, "The end of poetry is universally to please. Obscurity, by taking off from our pleasure, destroys that end." I will grant that, if the obscurity be great, constant, and unsurmountable, this is certainly true; but if it be only found in particular passages, proceeding from the nature of the subject and the very genius of the composition, it does not rob us of our pleasure, but superadds a new one which arises from conquering a difficulty; and the pleasure which accrues from a difficult passage, when well understood, provided the passage itself be a fine one, is always more permanent than that which we discover at the first glance. The lyric muse, like other fine ladies, requires to be courted, and retains her admirers the

longer for not having yielded too readily to their solicitations. This argument, ending as it does in a sort of simile, will, I am persuaded, not only have its force with the intelligent readers (the ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙ), but also with the men of fashion; as to critics of a lower class, it may be sufficient to transcribe, for their improvement, an unfinished remark, or rather maxim, which I found amongst our author's papers; and which he probably wrote on occasion of the common preference given to his Elegy. "The *Gout de comparaison* (as Bruyere styles it) " is the only taste of ordinary minds. They do not know the " specific excellency either of an author or a composition: " for instance, they do not know that Tibullus spoke the language of nature and love; that Horace saw the vanities " and follies of mankind with the most penetrating eye, and " touched them to the quick; that Virgil ennobled even the " most common images by the graces of a glowing, melodious, and well-adapted expression; but they do know that " Virgil was a better poet than Horace; and that Horace's " Epistles do not run so well as the Elegies of Tibullus."

ODE FOR MUSIC.

This Ode was performed in the Senate-House at Cambridge, July 1, 1769, at the installation of his Grace Augustus-Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University.

I.

" HENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)
 " Comus, and his midnight-crew,
 " And Ignorance with looks profound,
 " And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
 " Mad Sedition's cry profane,
 " Servitude that hugs her chain,
 " Nor in these consecrated bow'rs
 " Let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent-train in flow'rs.
 " Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
 " Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
 " While bright-eyed Science watches round:
 " Hence, away, 'tis holy ground!"

II.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
 Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay:

There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,
 The few, whom genius gave to shine
 Through ev'ry unborn age, and undiscover'd clime.
 Rapt in celestial transport they;
 Yet hither oft a glance from high
 They send of tender sympathy
 To bless the place, where on their op'ning soul
 First the genuine ardour stole.
 'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
 And, as the coral warblings round him swell,
 Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
 And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

III.

" Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
 " That contemplation loves,
 " Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
 " Oft at the blush of dawn
 " I trod your level lawn,
 " Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
 " In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
 " With Freedom by my side, and soft-ey'd Melan-
 " choly."

IV.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth

With solemn steps and slow,

High potentates, and dames of royal birth,

And mitred fathers in long order go:

Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow^s

From haughty Gallia torn,

And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn^t

That wept her bleeding Love, and princely Clare^u

And Anjou's heroine, and the paler rose^x,

^s *Great Edward with the lilies on his brow.*

Edward the Third, who added the fleur de lys of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity College.

^t *And sad Chatillon on her bridal morn.*

Mary de Valentia, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon, Comte de St. Paul in France: of whom tradition says, that her husband Audemar de Valentia, Earl of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of Pembroke College or Hall, under the name of Aula Mariæ de Valentia.

^u ——— *And princely Clare.*

Elizabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward the First. Hence the Poet gives her the epithet of *princely*. She founded Clare-Hall.

^x *And Anjou's heroine, and the paler rose.*

Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, foundress of

The rival of her crown and of her woes,
 And either Henry there^y,
 The murder'd saint, and the majestic lord,
 That broke the bonds of Rome.
 (Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
 Their human passions now no more,
 Save charity, that glows beyond the tomb.)
 All that on Granta's fruitful plain
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
 And bad these awful fanes and turrets rise,
 To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
 And thus they speak in soft accord
 The liquid language of the skies:

V.

"What is grandeur, what is power?

"Heavier toil, superior pain.

Queen's college. The poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in *The Bard*, Epode 2d, line 13th.

Elizabeth Widville, wife of Edward the Fourth, hence called the paler rose, as being of the house of York. She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

^y *And either Henry there.*

Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity college.

- " What the bright reward we gain?
 " The grateful mem'ry of the good.
 " Sweet is the breath of vernal show'r,
 " The bee's collected treasures sweet,
 " Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
 " The still small voice of gratitude."

VI.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
 The venerable Marg'ret see^z!

- " Welcome, my noble son, (she cries aloud)
 " To this, thy kindred train, and me:
 " Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
 " A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace^a.
 " Thy lib'ral heart, thy judging eye,
 " The flow'r unheeded shall descry,

^z *The venerable Marg'ret see!*

Countess of Richmond and Derby: the mother of Henry the Seventh, foundress of St. John's and Christ's colleges.

^a *A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.*

The Countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor: hence the application of this line to the duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.

" And bid it round heav'n's altars shed
 " The fragrance of its blushing head :
 " Shall raise from earth the latent gem
 " To glitter on the diadem.

VII.

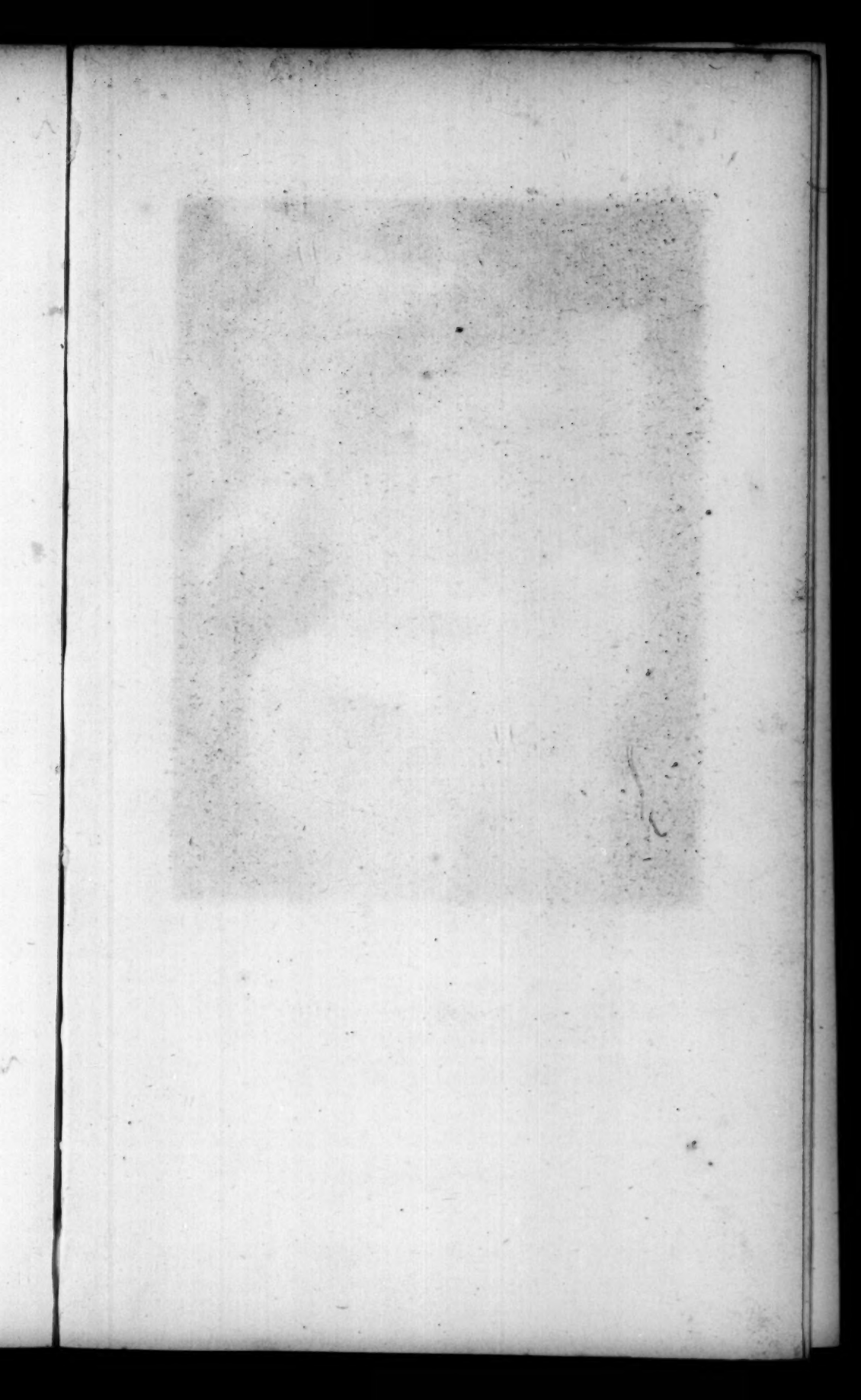
" Lo! Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
 " Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
 " No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
 " Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
 " Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
 " She reveres herself and thee.
 " With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow,
 " The laureate wreath, that Cecil wore^b, she brings,
 " And to thy just, thy gentle hand,
 " Submits the fasces of her sway,
 " While spirits blest above and men below
 " Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

^b *The laureate wreath, that Cecil wore.*

Lord Treasurer Burleigh was chancellor of the university,
in the reign of queen Elizabeth.

VIII.

- “ Through the wild waves as they roar,
“ With watchful eye and dauntless mien,
“ Thy steady course of honour keep,
“ Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:
“ The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
“ And gilds the horrors of the deep.”





H. Bueli R.A. pinx.

J. N. Neale sculp.

*Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenor of our song.*

The Fatal Sisters.

Published 1st January 1800 by P. L. Du Roverey London.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE.

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

To be found in the Orcades of Thormodus Torfæus; Hafniæ,
1697, folio: and also in Bartholinus.

Vitt er orpit fyrir valfalli, &c.

In the eleventh century *Sigurd*, earl of the Orkney islands, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of *Sictryg* with the silken beard, who was then making war on his father-in-law *Brian*, king of Dublin: the earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *Sictryg* was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of *Brian*, their king, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day, (the day of the battle) a native of Caithness in Scotland, saw at a distance a number of persons on horseback riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful song; which when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped six to the north and as many to the

south. These were the *Valkyriur*, female divinities, servants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies *Chusers of the slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to *Valkalla*, the hall of *Odin*, or paradise of the brave; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

Now the storm begins to low'r,
 (Haste, the loom of hell prepare,)
 Iron-sleet of arrowy show'r^c
 Hurtles in the darken'd air^d.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
 Where the dusky warp we strain,
 Weaving many a soldier's doom,
 Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

^c *Iron sleet of arrowy show'r.*

How quick they wheel'd, and, flying, behind them shot
 Sharp sleet of arrowy show'r.—

Milton's Paradise Regained.

^d *Hurtles in the darken'd air.*

The noise of battle hurtled in the air.

Shakespear's Julius Cæsar.

See the grisly texture grow!

('Tis of human entrails made)

And the weights, that play below,

Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore

Shoot the trembling cords along.

Sword, that once a monarch bore,

Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific maid,

Sangrida, and Hilda, see!

Join the wayward work to aid:

'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,

Pikes must shiver, jav'lins sing,

Blade with clatt'ring buckler meet,

Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)

Let us go, and let us fly,

Where our friends the conflict share,
 Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
 Wading through th' ensanguin'd field,
 Gondula, and Geira, spread
 O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
 Ours to kill, and ours to spare :
 Spite of danger he shall live.
 (Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach
 Pent within its bleak domain,
 Soon their ample sway shall stretch
 O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless earl is laid,
 Gor'd with many a gaping wound :
 Fate demands a nobler head ;
 Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep*,
 Ne'er again his likeness see;
 Long her strains in sorrow steep:
 Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
 Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
 Sisters, weave the web of death.
 Sisters, cease: the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
 Songs of joy and triumph sing!
 Joy to the victorious bands;
 Triumphs to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
 Learn the tenour of our song.
 Scotland, through each winding vale
 Far and wide the notes prolong.

* *Long his loss shall Eirin weep.*
 Ireland.

Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
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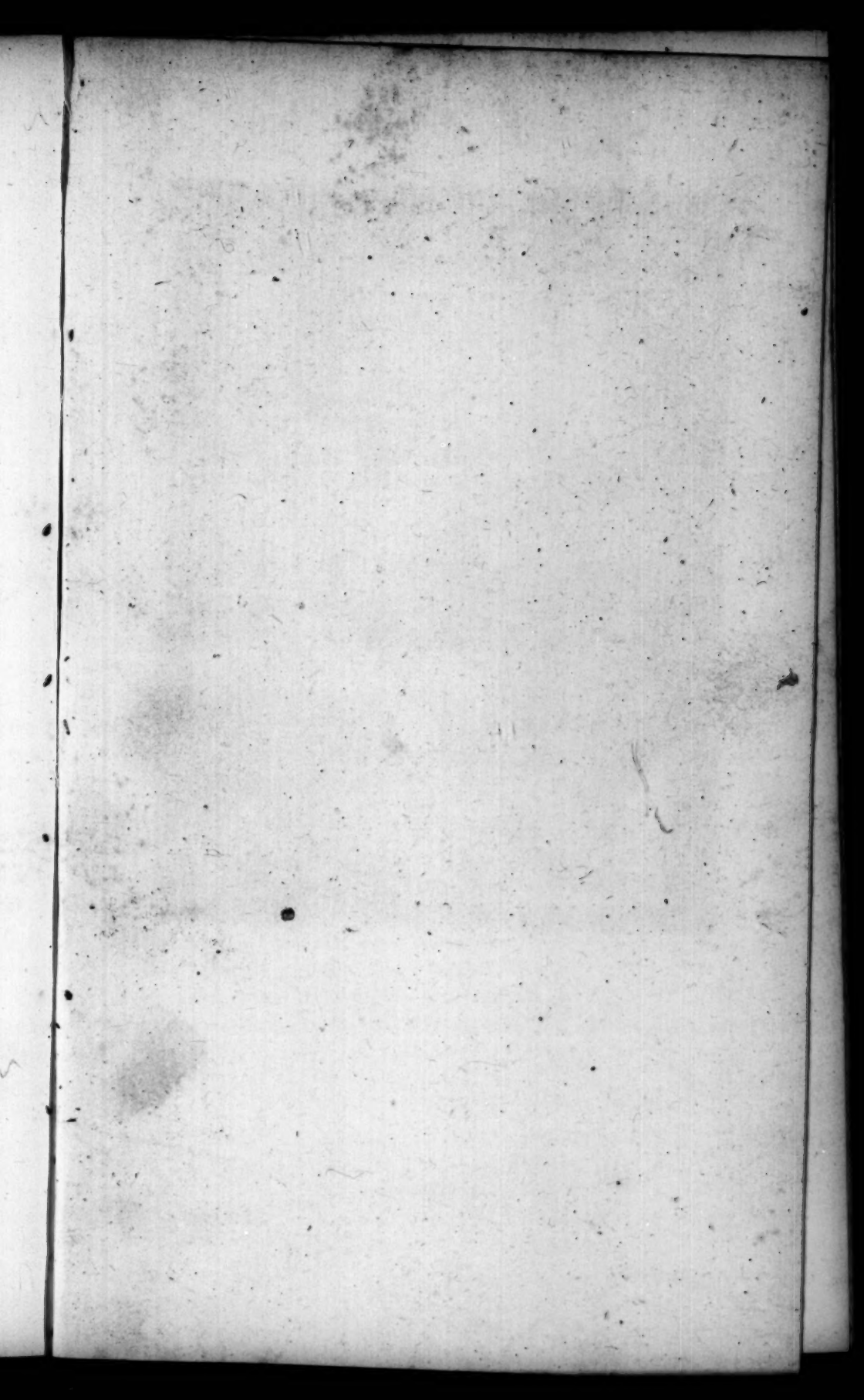
* *Long his loss shall Eirin weep.*
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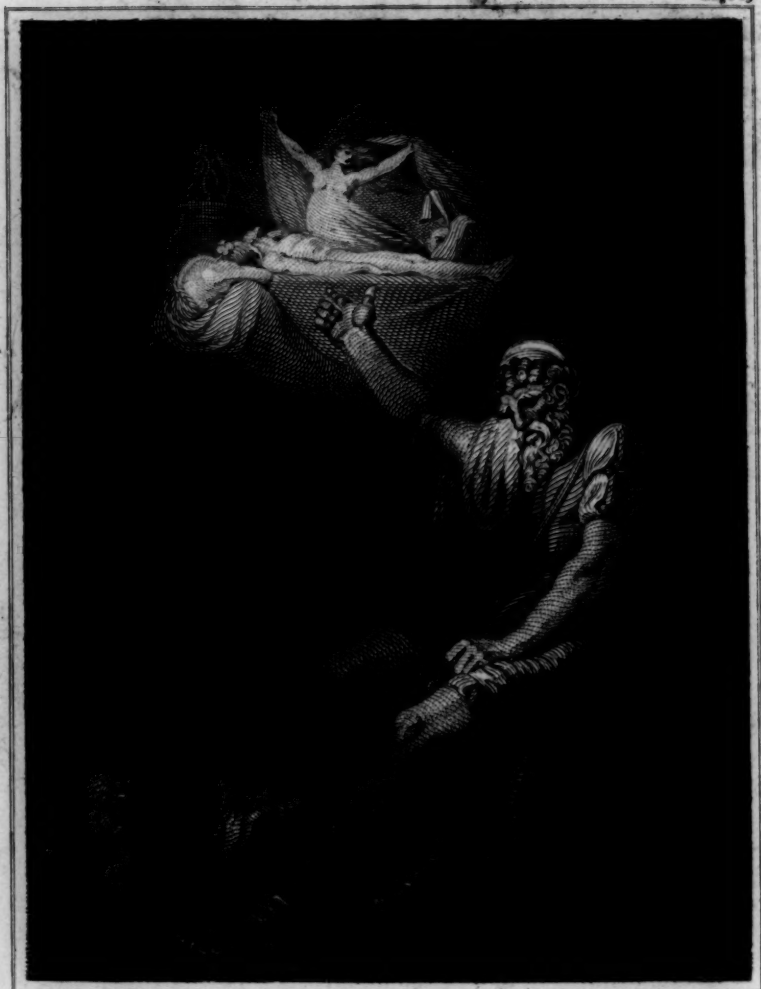
Sisters, hence with spurs of speed:

Each her thund'ring faulchion wield;

Each bestride her sable steed.

Hurry, hurry to the field.





H. Pueli. R.A. pinx.

The Hollway sculp.

*What virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow?*

Descent of Odin.

Published 1st January 1800. by F. J. Du Roverey, London.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

AN ODE.

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

The original is to be found in Bartholinus, de causis contemnendæ mortis; Hafniæ, 1689, quarto.

Upreis Odinn allda gautr, &c.

UPROSE the king of men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed:
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to HELA's drear abode^f.
Him the dog of darkness spied;
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd:
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;

^f *That leads to Hela's drear abode.*

Niflheimr, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle. Over it presided Hela, the goddess of death.

Hela, in the Edda, is described with a dreadful countenance, and her body half flesh-colour, and half blue.

And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
 The father of the pow'rful spell.
 Onward still his way he takes,
 (The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)
 Till full before his fearless eyes
 The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
 By the moss-grown pile he sate;
 Where long of yore to sleep was laid
 The dust of the prophetic maid.
 Facing to the northern clime,
 Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
 Thrice pronounc'd in accents dread,
 The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;^z
 Till from out the hollow ground
 Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms presume
 To break the quiet of the tomb?

^z The original word is *Vallgaldr*; from *Valr* mortuus, and *Galdr* incantatio.

Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
 And drags me from the realms of night?
 Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
 The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
 The drenching dews, and driving rain!
 Let me, let me sleep again.
 Who is he, with voice unblest,
 That calls me from the bed of rest?

ODIN.

A traveller, to thee unknown,
 Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
 Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
 Tell me what is done below,
 For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
 Drest for whom yon golden bed?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see
 The pure bev'rage of the bee:
 O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
 'Tis the drink of Balder bold:

Balder's head to death is giv'n.
 Pain can reach the sons of heav'n!
 Unwilling I my lips unclose:
 Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey^h.
 Prophetess, arise, and say,
 What dangers Odin's child await,
 Who the author of his fate?

^h Women were looked upon by the Gothic nations as having a peculiar insight into futurity; and some there were that made profession of magic arts and divination. These travelled round the country, and were received in every house with great respect and honour. Such a woman bore the name of Volva Seidkona or Spakona. The dress of Thorbiorga, one of these prophetesses, is described at large in Eirik's Rauda Sogu, (apud Bartholin. lib. i. cap. iv. p. 688.) "She had on
 " a blue vest spangled all over with stones, a necklace of
 " glass beads, and a cap made of the skin of a black lamb
 " lined with white cat-skin. She leaned on a staff adorned
 " with brass, with a round head set with stones; and was
 " girt with an Hunlandish belt, at which hung her pouch
 " full of magical instruments. Her buskins were of rough
 " calf-skin, bound on with thongs studded with knobs of
 " brass, and her gloves of white cat-skin, the fur turned in-
 " wards," &c. They were also called *Fiolkyngi*, or *Fiolkunnug*; i. e. Multi-scia: and *Visindakona*; i. e. Oraculorum Mulier, *Nornir*; i. e. Parcæ.

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom;
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey,
Once again arise, and say,
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace comprest,
A wond'rous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
Flaming on the fun'ral pile.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet awhile my call obey ;
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air?
Tell me whence their sorrows rose :
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha ! no traveller art thou,
King of men, I know thee now ;
Mightiest of a mighty line——

ODIN.

No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophetess of good ;
But mother of the giant-brood !

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall enquirer come

To break my iron-sleep again;
 Till Lok has burst his tenfold chainⁱ;
 Never, till substantial night
 Has reassum'd her ancient right;
 Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
 Sinks the fabric of the world.

ⁱ *Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain.*

Lok is the evil being, who continues in chains till the *twilight of the gods* approaches; when he shall break his bonds; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies: even Odin himself and his kindred deities shall perish. For a further explanation of this mythology, see "Introduction a l'histoire de Dannemarc, par Mons. Mallet," 1755, quarto; or rather a translation of it published in 1770, and entitled, "Northern Antiquities;" in which some mistakes in the original are judiciously corrected.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM THE WELSH.

From Mr. Evans's specimens of the Welsh Poetry, London, 1764, quarto. Owen succeeded his father Griffin in the principality of North Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

OWEN's praise demands my song,
 Owen swift, and Owen strong;
 Fairest flow'r of Rod'ric's stem,
 Gwyneth's shield^k, and Britain's gem.
 He nor heaps his brooded stores,
 Nor on all profusely pours;
 Lord of ev'ry regal art,
 Lib'ral hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
 Squadrons three against him came;

^k *Gwyneth*. North Wales.

This the force of Eirin hiding,
 Side by side as proudly riding,
 On her shadow long and gay
 Lochlin ^l plows the wat'ry way;
 There the Norman sails afar
 Catch the winds and join the war:
 Black and huge along they sweep,
 Burdens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
 The dragon-son of Mona stands ^m;
 In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
 High he rears his ruby crest.
 There the thund'ring strokes begin,
 There the press, and there the din;
 Talymalfra's rocky shore
 Echoing to the battle's roar.
 Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,
 Backward Meinai rolls his flood;

^l *Lochlin.* Denmark.

^m *The dragon-son of Mona stands.*

The red dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners.

While, heap'd his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn:
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty rout is there;
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There confusion, terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable death.

* * * * *

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

AN ODE.

FROM THE WELSH ⁶.

HAD I but the torrent's might,
 With headlong rage and wild affright
 Upon Deïra's squadrons hurl'd
 To rush, and sweep them from the world!

Too, too secure in youthful pride,
 By them, my friend, my Hoel, died,
 Great Cian's son : of Madoc old
 He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold;
 Alone in nature's wealth array'd,
 He ask'd and had the lovely maid.

⁶ Of Aneurim, styled the Monarch of the Bards. He flourished about the time of Taliessin, A. D. 570. This ode is extracted from the Golodin. (See Mr. Evans's Specimens, p. 71 and 73.)

To Cattraeth's vale in glitt'ring row
Twice two hundred warriors go :
Ev'ry warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreath'd in many a golden link :
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar, that the bees produce,
Or the grape's ecstatic juice.
Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn :
But none from Cattraeth's vale return,
Save Aeron brave, and Conan strong,
(Bursting through the bloody throng)
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep and sing their fall.

SONNET

ON

THE DEATH OF MR. RICHARD WEST.

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire:
The birds in vain their am'rous descant join;
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A diff'rent object do these eyes require:
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast th' imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men:
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear:
To warm their little loves the birds complain:
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

E P I T A P H

ON

MRS. CLARKE.

This lady, the wife of Dr. Clarke, physician at Epsom, died
April 27, 1757; and was buried in the church of Becken-
ham, Kent.

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps:
A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell.
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there.⁷
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind.

⁷ VARIATION, in the place of the four next lines.

To hide her cares her only art,
Her pleasure, pleasures to impart.
In ling'ring pain, in death resign'd,
Her latest agony of mind
Was felt for him, who could not save
His all from an untimely grave.

Her infant image here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe:
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang, to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh; an unavailing tear;
Till time shall ev'ry grief remove,
With life, with mem'ry, and with love.

E P I T A P H

ON

SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS^s,

This epitaph was written at the request of Mr. Frederick Montagu, who intended to have inscribed it on a monument at Belleisle, at the siege of which this accomplished youth was killed, 1761; but from some difficulty attending the erection of it, this design was not executed.

HERE, foremost in the dang'rous paths of fame,
 Young Williams fought for England's fair renown;
 His mind each muse, each grace adorn'd his frame,
 Nor envy dar'd to view him with a frown.

At Aix, his voluntary sword he drewⁿ,
 There first in blood his infant honour seal'd;
 From fortune, pleasure, science, love, he flew,
 And scorn'd repose when Britain took the field.

^s Sir William Peere Williams, bart. a captain in Burgoyne's dragoons.

ⁿ Sir William Williams, in the expedition to Aix, was on board the *Magnanime* with lord Howe; and was deputed to receive the capitulation.

With eyes of flame, and cool undaunted breast,
Victor he stood on Belleisle's rocky steeps—
Ah, gallant youth! this marble tells the rest,
Where melancholy friendship bends and weeps.

E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN

A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day°,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

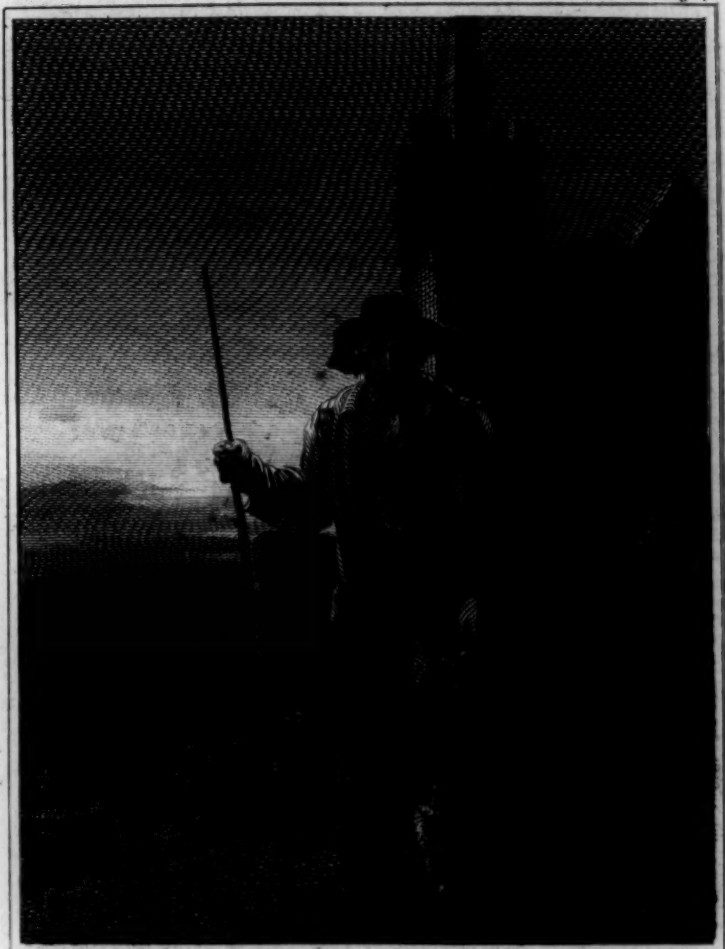
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

° *The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.*

—— squilla di lontano

Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.

Dante, Purgat. l. 8.



W. Hamilton R.A. delin.

James Heath A. sculp.

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way.

The clay in a country church yard.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouze them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning care:
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;

Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour.
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unrol;
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
 Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;

Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.*

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;

* After this verse, in Mr. Gray's first MS. of the poem, were the four following stanzas:—

The thoughtless world to majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success ;
But more to innocence their safety owe,
Than pow'r or genius e'er conspir'd to bless.

And thou, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these notes their artless tale relate,
By night and lonely contemplation led
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate:

Hark ! how the sacred calm, that breathes around,
Bids ev'ry fierce tumultuous passion cease ;
In still small accents whisp'ring from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply:
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,

No more, with reason and thyself at strife,
 Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;
 But through the cool sequester'd vale of life
 Pursue the silent tenour of thy doom.

And here the poem was originally intended to conclude, before the happy idea of the hoary-headed swain, &c. suggested itself to him. Mr. Mason thinks the third of these rejected stanzas equal to any in the whole elegy.

Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires ^p.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
" Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
" Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
" To meet the sun upon the upland lawn ¹.

^p *Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.*

Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
Fredda una lingua, & due begli occhi chiusi
Rimaner troppo noi pien di faville.

Petrarch, Son. 169.

VARIATION. Awake and faithful to her wonted fires.

¹ VARIATION. On the high brow of yonder hanging lawn.

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 " That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 " His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 " And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 " Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
 " Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
 " Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

" One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 " Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
 " Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 " Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

After which, in his first manuscript, followed this stanza:

Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
 While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
 Oft as the woodlark pip'd her farewell song,
 With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

" I rather wonder (says Mr. Mason) that he rejected this stanza, as it not only has the same sort of Doric delicacy, which charms us peculiarly in this part of the poem, but also completes the account of his whole day: whereas, this evening scene being omitted, we have only his morning walk, and his noon-tide repose."

" The next with dirges due in sad array
 " Slow through the church-way path we saw him
 " borne.
 " Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay
 " Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH².

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
 A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
 Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:

² Before the epitaph, Mr. Gray originally inserted a very beautiful stanza, which was printed in some of the first editions, but afterwards omitted, because he thought that it was too long a parenthesis in this place. The lines however are, in themselves, exquisitely fine, and demand preservation.

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
 By hands unseen are show'rs of violets found;
 The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
 And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a
 friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his father and his God ^q.

^q ——— paventosa speme.

Petrarch, Son. 114.

THE
POSTHUMOUS POEMS
AND
FRAGMENTS
OF
GRAY.

O D E

ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM

VICISSITUDE.

Left unfinished by Mr. Gray. With additions by the late
Rev. W. Mason, distinguished by inverted commas.

Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermil cheek, and whisper soft
She wooes the tardy spring :
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground ;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tend'rest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet ;
Forgetful of their wintry trance
The birds his presence greet :

But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
 His trembling thrilling ecstasy ;
 And, less'ning from the dazzled sight,
 Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise, my soul! on wings of fire,
 Rise the rapt'rous choir among;
 Hark! 'tis nature strikes the lyre,
 And leads the gen'ral song:
 ' Warm let the lyric transport flow,
 ' Warm as the ray that bids it glow;
 ' And animates the vernal grove
 ' With health, with harmony, and love.'

Yesterday the sullen year
 Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
 Mute was the music of the air,
 The herd stood drooping by:
 Their raptures now that wildly flow,
 No yesterday, nor morrow know;
 'Tis man alone that joy describes
 With forward, and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past misfortune's brow
 Soft reflection's hand can trace;
 And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
 A melancholy grace;
 While hope prolongs our happier hour,
 Or deepest shades, that dimly low'r
 And blacken round our weary way,
 Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy pleasure leads,
 See a kindred grief pursue;
 Behind the steps that mis'ry treads
 Approaching comfort view:
 The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
 Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe;
 And blended form, with artful strife,
 The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch, that long has tost
 On the thorny bed of pain,
 At length repair his vigour lost,
 And breathe, and walk again:

The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
 The simplest note that swells the gale,
 The common sun, the air, the skies,
 To him are op'ning paradise.

Humble quiet builds her cell,
 Near the source whence pleasure flows;
 She eyes the clear crystalline ' well,
 And tastes it as it goes.
 ' While' far below the ' madding' crowd
 ' Rush headlong to the dang'rous flood,'
 Where broad and turbulent it sweeps,
 ' And' perish in the boundless deeps.

Mark where indolence, and pride,
 ' Sooth'd by flatt'ry's tinkling sound,'
 ' Go,' softly rolling, side by side,
 Their dull, but daily round :
 ' To these, if Hebe's self should bring
 ' The purest cup from pleasure's spring,

' So Milton accents the word :

" On the crÿstalline sky, in sapphire thron'd."

Par. Lost, Book vi. v. 772.

‘ Say, can they taste the flavour high

‘ Of sober, simple, genuine joy?

‘ Mark ambition’s march sublime

‘ Up to pow’r’s meridian height;

‘ While pale-ey’d envy sees him climb,

‘ And sickens at the sight.

‘ Phantoms of danger, death, and dread,

‘ Float hourly round ambition’s head;

‘ While spleen, within his rival’s breast,

‘ Sits brooding on her scorpion nest.

‘ Happier he, the peasant, far,

‘ From the pangs of passion free,

‘ That breathes the keen yet wholesome air

‘ Of rugged penury.

‘ He, when his morning task is done,

‘ Can slumber in the noontide sun;

‘ And hie him home, at ev’ning’s close,

‘ To sweet repast, and calm repose.

‘ He, unconscious whence the bliss,

‘ Feels, and owns in carols rude,

- ' That all the circling joys are his,
- ' Of dear vicissitude.
- ' From toil he wins his spirits light,
- ' From busy day, the peaceful night;
- ' Rich, from the very want of wealth,
- ' In heav'n's best treasures, peace and health.'

TRANSLATION

OF

A PASSAGE FROM STATIUS.

THIRD in the labours of the disc came on,
With sturdy step and slow, Hippomedon;
Artful and strong he pois'd the well-known weight,
By Phlegyas warn'd, and fir'd by Mnestheus' fate,
That to avoid, and this to emulate.
His vig'rous arm he try'd before he flung,
Brac'd all his nerves, and ev'ry sinew strung;
Then with a tempest's whirl, and wary eye,
Pursu'd his cast, and hurl'd the orb on high;
The orb on high tenacious of its course,
True to the mighty arm that gave it force,
Far overleaps all bound, and joys to see
Its ancient lord secure of victory.
The theatre's green height and woody wall
Tremble ere it precipitates its fall;
The pond'rous mass sinks in the cleaving ground,
While vales and woods and echoing hills rebound.

As when from Ætna's smoking summit broke,
The eyeless Cyclops heav'd the craggy rock;
Where Ocean frets beneath the dashing oar,
And parting surges round the vessel roar;
'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,
And scarce Ulysses scap'd his giant arm.
A tiger's pride the victor bore away,
With native spots and artful labour gay,
A shining border round the margin roll'd,
And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold.

Cambridge, May 8, 1736.

THE
FIRST SCENE OF A TRAGEDY,

Designed in 1742 by Mr. Gray,

ON THE SUBJECT OF
THE DEATH OF AGRIPPINA.³

Mr. Mason's account of this fragment is as follows: " The
" Britannicus of Mr. Racine, I know, was one of Mr. Gray's
" most favourite plays; and the admirable manner in
" which I have heard him say that he saw it represented at
" Paris, seems to have led him to choose the death of Agrip-
" pina for this his first and only effort in the drama. The
" execution of it also, as far as it goes, is so very much in
" Racine's taste, that I suspect, if that great poet had been
" born an englishman, he would have written precisely in
" the same style and manner. However, as there is at
" present in this nation a general prejudice against decla-
" matory plays, I agree with a learned friend, who perused
" the manuscript, that this fragment will be little relished
" by the many; yet the admirable strokes of nature and
" character with which it abounds, and the majesty of its
" diction, prevent me from withholding from the few,
" who I expect will relish it, so great a curiosity (to call it
" nothing more) as part of a tragedy written by Mr. Gray.

³ See Tacitus's Annals, Books xiii. xiv.

“ These persons well know, that till style and sentiment
 “ be a little more regarded, mere action and passion will
 “ never secure reputation to the author, whatever they
 “ may do to the actor. It is the business of the one “ to
 “ strut and fret his hour upon the stage;” and if he frets
 “ and struts enough, he is sure to find his reward in the
 “ plaudit of an upper gallery; but the other ought to have
 “ some regard to the cooler judgment of the closet: for I
 “ will be bold to say, that if Shakespear himself had not
 “ written a multitude of passages which please there as
 “ much as they do on the stage, his reputation would not
 “ stand so universally high as it does at present. Many of
 “ these passages, to the shame of our theatrical taste, are
 “ omitted constantly in the representation: but I say not
 “ this from conviction that the mode of writing, which
 “ Mr. Gray pursued, is the best for dramatic purposes. I
 “ think myself, what I have asserted elsewhere,⁴ that a
 “ medium between the French and English taste would
 “ be preferable to either; and yet this medium, if hit with
 “ the greatest nicety, would fail of success on our theatre,
 “ and that for a very obvious reason. Actors (I speak of
 “ the troop collectively) must all learn to speak as well as
 “ act, in order to do justice to such a drama.
 “ But let me hasten to give the reader what little insight I
 “ can into Mr. Gray’s plan, as I find, and select it from
 “ two detached papers. The Title and Dramatis Personæ
 “ are as follow:

⁴ See letters prefixed to *Elfrida*, particularly letter II.



AGRIPPINA,

A TRAGEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AGRIPPINA, the Empress mother.

NERO, the Emperor.

POPPEA, believed to be in love with OTHO.

OTHO, a young man of quality, in love with POPPEA.

SENECA, the Emperor's preceptor.

ANICETUS, Captain of the Guards.

DEMETRIUS, the Cynic, friend to SENECA.

ACERONIA, Confidant to AGRIPPINA.

SCENE, the Emperor's villa at Baiæ.

- “ The argument drawn out by him, in these two papers, under
 “ the idea of a plot and under-plot, I shall here unite; as
 “ it will tend to show that the action itself was possessed
 “ of sufficient unity.
- “ The drama opens with the indignation of Agrippina, at receiving her son's orders from Anicetus to remove from
 “ Baiæ, and to have her guard taken from her. At this
 “ time Otho having conveyed Poppæa from the house of
 “ her husband Rufus Crispinus, brings her to Baiæ, where
 “ he means to conceal her among the crowd; or, if his
 “ fraud is discovered, to have recourse to the emperor's
 “ authority; but, knowing the lawless temper of Nero, he
 “ determines not to have recourse to that expedient but on
 “ the utmost necessity. In the meantime he commits her
 “ to the care of Anicetus, whom he takes to be his friend,

“ and in whose age he thinks he may safely confide. Nero
 “ is not yet come to Baïæ; but Seneca, whom he sends
 “ before him, informs Agrippina of the accusation con-
 “ cerning Rubellius Plancus, and desires her to clear her-
 “ self, which she does briefly; but demands to see her
 “ son, who, on his arrival, acquits her of all suspicion,
 “ and restores her to her honours. In the meanwhile
 “ Anicetus, to whose care Poppæa had been entrusted by
 “ Otho, contrives the following plot to ruin Agrippina:
 “ he betrays his trust to Otho, and brings Nero, as it
 “ were by chance, to the sight of the beautiful Poppæa;
 “ the emperor is immediately struck with her charms, and
 “ she, by a feigned resistance, increases his passion;
 “ though, in reality, she is from the first dazzled with the
 “ prospect of empire, and forgets Otho: she therefore joins
 “ with Anicetus in his design of ruining Agrippina, soon
 “ perceiving that it will be for her interest. Otho hearing
 “ that the emperor had seen Poppæa, is much enraged;
 “ but not knowing that this interview was obtained through
 “ the treachery of Anicetus, is readily persuaded by him
 “ to see Agrippina in secret, and acquaint her with his
 “ fears that her son Nero would marry Poppæa. Agrip-
 “ pina, to support her own power, and to wean the em-
 “ peror from the love of Poppæa, gives Otho encourage-
 “ ment, and promises to support him. Anicetus secretly
 “ introduces Nero to hear their discourse; who resolves
 “ immediately on his mother’s death, and, by Anicetus’s
 “ means, to destroy her by drowning. A solemn feast, in
 “ honour of their reconciliation, is to be made; after
 “ which she being to go by sea to Bauli, the ship is so
 “ contrived as to sink or crush her; she escapes by acci-
 “ dent, and returns to Baïæ. In this interval, Otho has
 “ an interview with Poppæa; and being duped a second

" time by Anicetus and her, determines to fly with her
 " into Greece, by means of a vessel which is to be furnished
 " by Anicetus; but he, pretending to remove Poppæa on
 " board in the night, conveys her to Nero's apartment: she
 " there encourages and determines Nero to banish Otho,
 " and finish the horrid deed he had attempted on his mo-
 " ther. Anicetus undertakes to execute his resolves; and,
 " under pretence of a plot upon the emperor's life, is sent
 " with a guard to murder Agrippina, who is still at Baïæ
 " in imminent fear, and irresolute how to conduct herself.
 " The account of her death, and the emperor's horror
 " and fruitless remorse, finishes the drama,"

ACT I. SCENE I.

AGRIPPINA, ACERONIA.

AGRIPPINA.

'Tis well, begone! your errand is perform'd:

[Speaks as to Anicetus entering.]

The message needs no comment. Tell your master,
 His mother shall obey him. Say you saw her
 Yielding due rev'rence to his high command:
 Alone, unguarded, and without a lictor,
 As fits the daughter of Germanicus.
 Say, she retir'd to Antium; there to tend

Her household cares, a woman's best employment.
 What if you add, how she turn'd pale, and trem-
 bled;

You think, you spied a tear stand in her eye,
 And would have dropp'd, but that her pride re-
 strain'd it?

(Go! you can paint it well) 'twill profit you,
 And please the stripling. Yet 'twould dash his joy
 To hear the spirit of Britannicus
 Yet walks on earth: at least there are who know
 Without a spell to raise, and bid it fire
 A thousand haughty hearts, unus'd to shake
 When a boy frowns, nor to be lur'd with smiles
 To taste of hollow kindness, or partake
 His hospitable board: they are aware
 Of th' unpledg'd bowl, they love not aconite.

ACERONIA.

He's gone; and much I hope these walls alone
 And the mute air are privy to your passion.
 Forgive your servant's fears, who sees the danger
 Which fierce resentment cannot fail to raise
 In haughty youth, and irritated power.

AGRIPPINA.

And dost thou talk to me, to me, of danger,
 Of haughty youth and irritated power,
 To her that gave it being, her that arm'd
 This painted Jove, and taught his novice hand
 To aim the forked bolt; while he stood trembling
 Scar'd at the sound, and dazzled with its brightness?

'Tis like, thou hast forgot, when yet a stranger
 To adoration, to the grateful steam
 Of flatt'ry's incense, and obsequious vows
 From voluntary realms, a puny boy,
 Deck'd with no other lustre than the blood
 Of Agrippina's race, he liv'd unknown
 To fame, or fortune; haply ey'd at distance
 Some edileship, ambitious of the power
 To judge of weights and measures; scarcely dar'd
 On expectation's strongest wing to soar
 High as the consulate, that empty shade
 Of long-forgotten liberty: when I
 Op'd his young eye to bear the blaze of greatness;
 Shew'd him where empire tower'd, and bade him
 strike

The noble quarry. Gods! then was the time

To shrink from danger; fear might then have worn
 The mask of prudence; but a heart like mine,
 A heart that glows with the pure Julian fire,
 If bright ambition from her craggy seat
 Display the radiant prize, will mount undaunted,
 Gain the rough heights, and grasp the dang'rous
 honour.

ACERONIA.

Through various life I have pursued your steps,
 Have seen your soul, and wonder'd at its daring:
 Hence rise my fears. Nor am I yet to learn
 How vast the debt of gratitude which Nero
 To such a mother owes; the world, you gave him,
 Suffices not to pay the obligation.

I well remember too (for I was present)
 When in a secret and dead hour of night,
 Due sacrifice perform'd with barb'rous rites
 Of mutter'd charms, and solemn invocation,
 You bade the Magi call the dreadful powers,
 That read futurity, to know the fate
 Impending o'er your son: their answer was,
 If the son reign the mother perishes.

Perish (you cry'd) the mother! reign the son!
 He reigns, the rest is heav'n's; who oft has bade,
 Ev'n when its will seem'd wrote in lines of blood,
 Th' unthought event disclose a whiter meaning.
 Think too how oft in weak and sickly minds
 The sweets of kindness lavishly indulg'd
 Rankle to gall; and benefits too great
 To be repaid, sit heavy on the soul,
 As unrequited wrongs. The willing homage
 Of prostrate Rome, the senate's joint applause,
 The riches of the earth, the train of pleasures
 That wait on youth, and arbitrary sway;
 These were your gift, and with them you bestow'd
 The very pow'r he has to be ungrateful:

AGRIPPINA.

Thus ever grave and undisturb'd reflection
 Pours its cool dictates in the madding ear
 Of rage, and thinks to quench the fire it feels not.
 Say'st thou I must be cautious, must be silent,
 And tremble at the phantom I have rais'd?
 Carry to him thy timid counsels. He
 Perchance may heed 'em: tell him too, that one

Who had such lib'ral pow'r to give, may still
 With equal power resume that gift, and raise
 A tempest that shall shake her own creation
 To its original atoms—tell me! say
 This mighty emperor, this dreaded hero,
 Has he beheld the glitt'ring front of war?
 Knows his soft ear the trumpet's thrilling voice,
 And outcry of the battle? Have his limbs
 Sweat under iron harness? Is he not
 The silken son of dalliance, nurs'd in ease
 And pleasure's flow'ry lap?—Rubellius lives,
 And Sylla has his friends, though school'd by fear
 To bow the supple knee, and court the times
 With shows of fair obeisance; and a call,
 Like mine, might serve belike to wake pretensions
 Drowsier than theirs, who boast the genuine blood
 Of our imperial house.

ACERONIA.

Did I not wish to check this dang'rous passion,
 I might remind my mistress that her nod
 Can rouse eight hardy legions, wont to stem
 With stubborn nerves the tide, and face the rigour

Of bleak Germania's snows. Four, not less brave,
 That in Armenia quell the Parthian force
 Under the warlike Corbulo, by you
 Mark'd for their leader: these, by ties confirm'd,
 Of old respect and gratitude, are yours.
 Surely the Masians too, and those of Egypt,
 Have not forgot your sire: the eye of Rome
 And the Prætorian camp have long rever'd,
 With custom'd awe, the daughter, sister, wife,
 And mother of their Cæsars.

AGRIPPINA.

Ha! by Juno,
 It bears a noble semblance. On this base
 My great revenge shall rise; or say we sound
 The trump of liberty; there will not want,
 Ev'n in the servile senate, ears to own
 Her spirit-stirring voice; Soranus there,
 And Cassius; Vetus too, and Thræsea,
 Minds of the antique cast, rough, stubborn souls,
 That struggle with the yoke. How shall the spark
 Unquenchable, that glows within their breasts,
 Blaze into freedom, when the idle herd

(Slaves from the womb, created but to stare,
 And bellow in the Circus) yet will start,
 And shake 'em at the name of liberty,
 Stung by a senseless word, a vain tradition,
 As there were magic in it? Wrinkled beldams
 Teach it their grandchildren, as somewhat rare
 That anciently appear'd, but when, extends
 Beyond their chronicle—oh! 'tis a cause
 To arm the hand of childhood, and rebrace
 The slacken'd sinews of time-wearied age.

Yes, we may meet, ungrateful boy, we may!
 Again the buried genius of old Rome
 Shall from the dust uprear his rev'rend head,
 Rous'd by the shout of millions: there before
 His high tribunal thou and I appear.
 Let majesty sit on thy awful brow,
 And lighten from thy eye: around thee call
 The gilded swarm that wantons in the sunshine
 Of thy full favour; Seneca be there
 In gorgeous phrase of labour'd eloquence
 To dress thy plea, and Burrhus strengthen it
 With his plain soldier's oath, and honest seeming.
 Against thee, liberty and Agrippina:
 The world the prize; and fair befall the victors.

But soft! why do I waste the fruitless hours
 In threats unexecuted? Haste thee, fly
 These hated walls that seem to mock my shame,
 And cast me forth in duty to their lord.

ACERONIA.

'Tis time we go, the sun is high advanc'd,
 And, ere mid-day, Nero will come to Baiaë.

AGRIPPINA.

My thought aches at him; not the basilisk
 More deadly to the sight, than is to me
 The cool injurious eye of frozen kindness.
 I will not meet its poison. Let him feel
 Before he sees me.

ACERONIA.

Why then stays my sov'reign,
 Where he so soon may—

AGRIPPINA.

Yes, I will be gone,
 But not to Antium—all shall be confess'd,

Whate'er the frivolous tongue of giddy fame
Has spread among the crowd; things that but whisper'd

Have arch'd the hearer's brow, and rivetted
His eyes in fearful ecstasy: no matter
What; so 't be strange, and dreadful.—Sorceries,
Assassinations, poisonings—the deeper
My guilt, the blacker his ingratitude.

And you, ye manes of ambition's victims,
Enshrined Claudius, with the pitied ghosts
Of the Syllani, doom'd to early death,
(Ye unavailing horrors, fruitless crimes!)
If from the realms of night my voice ye hear,
In lieu of penitence, and vain remorse,
Accept my vengeance. Though by me ye bled,
He was the cause. My love, my fears for him,
Dried the soft springs of pity in my heart,
And froze them up with deadly cruelty.
Yet if your injur'd shades demand my fate,
If murder cries for murder, blood for blood,
Let me not fall alone; but crush his pride,
And sink the traitor in his mother's ruin.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

OTHO, POPPÆA.

OTHO.

Thus far we're safe. Thanks to the rosy queen
 Of am'rous thefts: and had her wanton son
 Lent us his wings, we could not have beguil'd
 With more elusive speed the dazzled sight
 Of wakeful jealousy. Be gay securely;
 Dispel, my fair, with smiles, the tim'rous cloud
 That hangs on thy clear brow. So Helen look'd,
 So her white neck reclin'd, so was she borne
 By the young Trojan to his gilded bark
 With fond reluctance, yielding modesty,
 And oft reverted eye, as if she knew not
 Whether she fear'd, or wish'd to be pursued.

* * * * *

HYMN TO IGNORANCE.

A FRAGMENT.

HAIL, horrors, hail! ye ever gloomy bow'rs,
Ye gothic fanes, and antiquated tow'rs,
Where rushy Camus' slowly-winding flood
Perpetual draws his humid train of mud:
Glad I revisit thy neglected reign,
Oh take me to thy peaceful shade again.
But chiefly thee, whose influence breath'd from high
Augments the native darkness of the sky;
Ah, ignorance! soft salutary pow'r!
Prostrate with filial rev'ence I adore.
Thrice hath Hyperion roll'd his annual race,
Since weeping I forsook thy fond embrace.
Oh say, successful dost thou still oppose
Thy leaden ægis 'gainst our ancient foes?
Still stretch, tenacious of thy right divine,
The massy sceptre o'er thy slumb'ring line?

And dews Lethean through the land dispense
 To steep in slumbers each benighted sense?
 If any spark of wit's delusive ray
 Break out, and flash a momentary day,
 With damp, cold touch forbid it to aspire,
 And huddle up in fogs the dang'rous fire.

Oh say—she hears me not, but, careless grown,
 Lethargic nods upon her ebon throne.
 Goddess! awake, arise, alas my fears!
 Can pow'rs immortal feel the force of years?
 Not thus of old, with ensigns wide unfurl'd,
 She rode triumphant o'er the vanquish'd world;
 Fierce nations own'd her unresisted might,
 And all was ignorance and all was night.

Oh! sacred age! Oh! times for ever lost!
 (The schoolman's glory, and the churchman's boast.)
 For ever gone—yet still to fancy new,
 Her rapid wings the transient scene pursue,
 And bring the buried ages back to view.

High on her car, behold the grandam ride
 Like old Sesostris with barbaric pride;
 * * * * a team of harness'd monarchs bend

* * * * *

THE
ALLIANCE
OF
EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT.

A FRAGMENT.⁵

ESSAY I.

..... Πότ' αὖ ὦ γαθὴ; τὰν γὰρ αἰδᾶν
οὔτι πω εἰς Αἶδαν γε τὸν ἐμμελῆστον φυλαξεῖς.

THEOCRITUS.

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her gen'rous birth,
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains,
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins:

⁵ In a note to his Roman History, Mr. Gibbon says,
“ Instead of compiling tables of chronology and natural his-
“ tory, why did not Mr. Gray apply the powers of his genius
“ to finish the philosophic poem of which he has left such
“ an exquisite specimen ?”

And as in climes, where winter holds his reign,
 The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,
 Forbids her gems to swell, her shades to rise,
 Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies:
 So draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
 Uniform'd, unfriended, by those kindly cares,
 That health and vigour to the soul impart,
 Spread the young thought, and warm the op'ning
 heart:

So fond instruction on the growing pow'rs
 Of nature idly lavishes her stores,
 If equal justice with unclouded face
 Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
 And scatter with a free, though frugal hand,
 Light golden show'rs of plenty o'er the land:
 But tyranny has fix'd her empire there,
 To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
 And blast the blooming promise of the year.

 This spacious animated scene survey,
 From where the rolling orb, that gives the day,
 His sable sons with nearer course surrounds
 To either pole, and life's remotest bounds,

How rude so e'er th' exterior form we find,
 Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
 Alike to all, the kind, impartial heav'n
 The sparks of truth and happiness has giv'n :
 With sense to feel, with mem'ry to retain,
 They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain;
 Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
 Th' event presages, and explores the cause;
 The soft returns of gratitude they know,
 By fraud elude, by force repel the foe;
 While mutual wishes, mutual woes endear
 The social smile and sympathetic tear.

Say, then, through ages by what fate confin'd
 To diff'rent climes seem diff'rent souls assign'd?
 Here measur'd laws and philosophic ease
 Fix, and improve the polish'd arts of peace;
 There industry and gain their vigils keep,
 Command the winds, and tame th' unwilling deep:
 Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail;
 There languid pleasure sighs in ev'ry gale.
 Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
 Has Scythia breath'd the living cloud of war;

And, where the deluge burst, with sweepy sway
 Their arms, their kings, their gods were roll'd away.
 As oft have issued, host impelling host,
 The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast.
 The prostrate south to the destroyer yields
 Her boasted titles, and her golden fields:
 With grim delight the brood of winter view
 A brighter day, and heav'ns of azure hue,
 Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
 And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.
 Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
 Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
 While European freedom still withstands
 Th' encroaching tide that drowns her less'ning
 lands;

And sees far off with an indignant groan
 Her native plains, and empires once her own?
 Can op'ner skies and suns of fiercer flame
 O'erpow'r the fire that animates our frame;
 As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
 Fade and expire beneath the eye of day?
 Need we the influence of the northern star
 To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war?

And, where the face of nature laughs around,
 Must sick'ning virtue fly the tainted ground?
 Unmanly thought! what seasons can controul,
 What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,
 Who, conscious of the source from whence she
 springs,

By reason's light, on resolution's wings,
 Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
 O'er Libya's deserts and through Zembla's snows?
 She bids each slumb'ring energy awake,
 Another touch, another temper take,
 Suspends th' inferior laws that rule our clay:
 The stubborn elements confess her sway;
 Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
 And raise the mortal to a height divine.

Not but the human fabric from the birth
 Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth.
 As various tracts enforce a various toil,
 The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
 An iron-race the mountain-cliffs maintain,
 Foes to the gentler genius of the plain:
 For where unwearied sinews must be found
 With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground,

To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,
 To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
 What wonder, if to patient valour train'd,
 They guard with spirit what by strength they gain'd?
 And while their rocky ramparts round they see,
 The rough abode of want and liberty,
 (As lawless force from confidence will grow)
 Insult the plenty of the vales below?
 What wonder, in the sultry climes, that spread,
 Where Nile redundant o'er his summer-bed
 From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
 And broods o'er Egypt with his wat'ry wings,
 If with advent'rous oar and ready sail
 The dusky people drive before the gale;
 Or on frail floats to neighb'ring cities ride,
 That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide

* * * * *

The following couplet, which was intended to have been introduced in the poem on the Alliance of Education and Government, is much too beautiful to be lost.

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
 And gospel-light first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes.

A LONG STORY.

Mr. Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-Yard, previous to its appearance in print, was handed about in manuscript; and amongst other eminent personages who saw and admired it, was the Lady Cobham, who resided at the mansion-house at Stoke-Pogeis. The performance inducing her to wish for the author's acquaintance, her relation, Miss Speed, and Lady Schaub, then at her house, undertook to effect it. These two ladies waited upon the author at his aunt's solitary mansion, where he at that time resided; and not finding him at home, they left their names. Mr. Gray, surprised at such a compliment, returned the visit. And as the beginning of this acquaintance wore a little of the face of romance, he soon after gave a fanciful and pleasant account of it in the following copy of verses, which he entitled *A Long Story*.

IN Britain's isle, no matter where,
 An ancient pile of building stands:⁶
 The Huntingdons and Hattons there
 Employ'd the pow'r of fairy hands

⁶ The mansion-house at Stoke-Pogeis, then in the possession of Viscountess Cobham. The house formerly belonged to the earls of Huntingdon and the family of Hatton.

To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
 Each pannel in achievements clothing,
 Rich windows that exclude the light,
 And passages, that lead to nothing.

Full oft within the spacious walls,
 When he had fifty winters o'er him,
 My grave Lord-Keeper^s led the brawls;⁷
 The seals and maces danc'd before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
 His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
 Mov'd the stout heart of England's queen,
 Though pope and spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning!
 Shame of the versifying tribe!
 Your hist'ry whither are your spinning!
 Can you do nothing but describe?

^s Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing.

⁷ Brawls were a sort of figure-dance, then in vogue.

A house there is (and that's enough)
 From whence one fatal morning issues
 A brace of warriors, not in buff,
 But rustling in their silks and tissues.

The first came cap-a-pee from France,
 Her conqu'ring destiny fulfilling,
 Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
 And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other amazon kind heav'n
 Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire:
 But Cobham had the polish giv'n,
 And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air—
 Coarse panegyrics would but tease her.
 Melissa is her "nom de guerre."
 Alas, who would not wish to please her!

With bonnet blue and capuchine,
 And aprons long, they hid their armour,
 And veil'd their weapons, bright and keen,
 In pity to the country farmer.

Fame, in the shape of Mr. P—t,^s

(By this time all the parish know it)

Had told that thereabouts there lurk'd

A wicked imp they call a poet:

Who prowld the country far and near,

Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,

Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,

And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My lady heard their joint petition,

Swore by her coronet and ermine,

She'd issue out her high commission

To rid the manor of such vermin.

The heroines undertook the task,

Through lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventur'd,

Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,

But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

^s It has been said, that this gentleman, a neighbour and acquaintance of Mr. Gray's in the country, was much displeased at the liberty here taken with his name; yet, surely, without any great reason.

The trembling family they daunt,
 They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
 Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
 And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
 Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
 Run hurry-scurry round the floor,
 And o'er the bed and tester clamber;

Into the draw'rs and china pry,
 Papers and books, a huge imbroglio!
 Under a tea-cup he might lie,
 Or creas'd, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops,
 The muses, hopeless of his pardon,
 Convey'd him underneath their hoops
 To a small closet in the garden.

So rumour says: (who will, believe.)
 But that they left the door ajar,
 Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve,
 He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew
 The pow'r of magic was no fable;
 Out of the window, whisk, they flew,
 But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle,
 The poet felt a strange disorder;
 Transparent bird-lime form'd the middle,
 And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,
 The pow'rful pot-hooks did so move him,
 That, will he, nill he, to the great house
 He went, as if the devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
 For folks in fear are apt to pray)
 To Phœbus he preferr'd his case,
 And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The godhead would have back'd his quarrel;
 But with a blush on recollection,
 Own'd, that his quiver and his laurel
 'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The court was sate, the culprit there,
 Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping
 The lady Janes and Joans repair,
 And from the gallery stand peeping:

Such as in silence of the night
 Come (sweep) along some winding entry,
 (Styack^t has often seen the sight)
 Or at the chapel-door stand centry:

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,
 Sour visages, enough to scare ye,
 High dames of honour once, that garnish'd
 The drawing-room of fierce queen Mary.

The peeress comes. The audience stare,
 And doff their hats with due submission:
 She curtsies, as she takes her chair,
 To all the people of condition.

The bard, with many an artful fib,
 Had in imagination fenc'd him,

^t The housekeeper.

Disprov'd the arguments of Squib,^u
 And all that Groom^x could urge against him.

But soon his rhetoric forsook him,
 When he the solemn hall had seen ;
 A sudden fit of ague shook him,
 He stood as mute as poor Macleane.^y

Yet something he was heard to mutter,
 " How in the park beneath an old tree,
 " (Without design to hurt the butter,
 " Or any malice to the poultry,)

" He once or twice had penn'd a sonnet ;
 " Yet hop'd, that he might save his bacon :
 " Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
 " He ne'er was for a conj'rer taken."

The ghostly prudes with hagg'd face
 Already had condemn'd the sinner.

^u Groom of the chamber.

^x The steward.

^y A famous highwayman hanged the week before.

My lady rose, and with a grace—
 She smil'd, and bid him come to dinner.

“ Jesu-Maria! Madam Bridget,
 “ Why, what can the Viscountess mean?
 (Cried the square-hoods in woful fidget)
 “ The times are alter'd quite and clean!

“ Decorum's turn'd to mere civility;
 “ Her air and all her manners show it.
 “ Commend me to her affability!
 “ Speak to a commoner and poet!”

[Here five hundred stanzas are lost.]

And so God save our noble king,
 And guard us from long-winded lubbers,
 That to eternity would sing,
 And keep my lady from her rubbers.

STANZAS TO MR. BENTLEY.

A FRAGMENT.

These were in compliment to Mr. Bentley, who drew a set of designs for Mr. Gray's poems, particularly a head-piece to the Long Story.

IN silent gaze the tuneful choir among,
 Half pleas'd, half blushing, let the muse admire,
 While Bentley leads her sister art along,
 And bids the pencil answer to the lyre.

See, in their course, each transitory thought
 Fix'd by his touch a lasting essence take ;
 Each dream, in fancy's airy colouring wrought,
 To local symmetry and life awake !

The tardy rhymes that us'd to linger on,
 To censure cold, and negligent of fame,
 In swifter measures animated run,
 And catch a lustre from his genuine flame.

Ah! could they catch his strength, his easy grace,
 His quick creation, his unnerring line;
 The energy of Pope they might efface,
 And Dryden's harmony submit to mine.

But not to one in this benighted age
 Is that diviner inspiration giv'n,
 That burns in Shakspear's or in Milton's page,
 The pomp and prodigality of heav'n.

As when conspiring in the diamond's blaze,
 The meaner gems, that singly charm the sight,
 Together dart their intermingled rays,
 And dazzle with a luxury of light.

Enough for me, if to some feeling breast
 My lines a secret sympathy 'impart;'
 And as their pleasing influence 'flows confest,'
 A sigh of soft reflection 'heave the heart.'

* * * * *

⁹ The words within inverted commas were supplied by Mr. Mason.

LINES

FOUND AMONGST MR. GRAY'S PAPERS.

IMITATED FROM THE GOLODIN.

HAVE ye seen the tusky boar,
Or the bull, with sullen roar,
On surrounding foes advance?
So Caradoc bore his lance.

CONAN'S name, my lay, rehearse,
Build to him the lofty verse,
Sacred tribute of the bard,
Verse, the hero's sole reward.
As the flame's devouring force;
As the whirlwind in its course;
As the thunder's fiery stroke,
Glancing on the shiver'd oak;
Did the sword of Conan mow
The crimson harvest of the foe.

SKETCH
OF
HIS OWN CHARACTER.

Written in 1761, and found in one of his pocket-books.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune;
He had not the method of making a fortune:
Could love, and could hate, so was thought somewhat odd;
No very great wit, he believ'd in a God.
A post or a pension he did not desire,
But left church and state to Charles Townshend
and squire.

THE FOLLOWING LINES,

Which have never yet appeared in any collection of Gray's poems, deserve to be considered as a literary curiosity, since they are the only amatory verses written by our Pindaric bard.

WITH beauty, with pleasure surrounded, to languish—

To weep without knowing the cause of my anguish;

To start from short slumbers, and wish for the morning—

To close my dull eyes when I see it returning;

Sighs sudden and frequent, looks ever dejected—

Words that steal from my tongue, by no meaning connected!

Ah, say, fellow-swains, how these symptoms befell me?

They smile, but reply not—Sure Delia can tell me!

SAPPHIC ODE.

ADDRESSED TO MR. WEST.

BARBARAS ædes aditure mecum
 Quas eris semper fovet inquieta,
 Lis ubi latè sonat, et togatum
 Æstuat agmen!

Dulcius quanto, patulis sub ulmi
 Hospitæ ramis temerè jacentem
 Sic libris horas, tenuique inertes
 Fallere musâ?

Sæpe enim curis vagor expeditâ
 Mente; dum, blandam meditans Camænam,
 Vix malo rori, meminive seræ
 Cedere nocti;

Et, pedes quò me rapiunt, in omni
 Colle Parnassum videor videre

Fertilem sylvæ, gelidamque in omni
 Fonte Aganippen.

Risit et ver me, facilesque nymphæ
 Nare captantem, nec ineleganti,
 Manè quicquid de violis eundo
 Surripit aura :

Me reclinatum teneram per herbam;
 Quà leves cursus aqua cunque ducit,
 Et moras dulci strepitu lapillo
 Nectit in omni.

Hæ novo nostrum ferè pectus anno
 Simples curæ tenuere, cælum
 Quamdiù sudum explicuit Favoni
 Purior hora :

Otia et campos nec adhuc relinquo,
 Nec magis Phœbo Clytie fidelis;
 (Ingruant venti licet, et senescat
 Mollior æstas.)

Namque, seu, lætos hominum labores
Prataque et montes recreante curru,
Purpurâ tractus oriens Eoos
Vestit, et auro;

Sedulus servo veneratus orbem
 Prodigum splendoris: amœniori
 Sive dilectam meditatur igne
 Pingere Calpen;

Usque dum, fulgore magis magis jam
Languido circum, variata nubes
Labitum furtim, viridisque in umbras
Scena recessit.

O ego felix, vice si (nec unquam
Surgerem rursus) simili cadentem
Parca me lenis sineret quieto
Fallere Letho!

Multa flagranti radiisque cincto
 Integris ah! quam nihil inviderem,
 Cum Dei ardentis medius quadrigas
 Sentit Olympus?

ALCAIC FRAGMENT.

O LACHRYMARUM fons, tenero sacros
 Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
 Felix! in imo qui scatentem
 Pectore te, pia nympa, sensit.

 LATIN LINES.

ADDRESSED TO MR. WEST, FROM GENOA.

HORRIDOS tractus, Boreæque linquens
 Regna Taurini fera, molliorem
 Advehor brumam, Genuæque amantes
 Littora soles.

ELEGIAC VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF THE PLAINS WHERE
THE BATTLE OF TREBIÆ WAS FOUGHT.

QUA Trebie glaucas salices intersecat undâ,
Arvaque Romanis nobilitata malis.
Visus adhuc amnis veteri de clade rubere,
Et suspirantes ducere mæstus aquas;
Maurorumque ala, et nigræ increbrescere turmæ,
Et pulsa Ausonidum ripa sonare fugâ.

O D E

AD C, FAVONIUM ZEPHYRINUM.

MATER rosarum, cui teneræ vigent
 Auræ Favonî, cui Venus it comes
 Lasciva, nympharum choreis
 Et volucrum celebrata cantu!
 Dic, non inertem fallere quâ diem
 Amat sub umbrâ, seu sinit aureum
 Dormire plectrum, seu retentat
 Pierio Zephyrinus antro
 Furore dulci plenus, et immemor
 Reptantis inter frigora Tusculi
 Umbrosa, vel colles amici
 Palladiæ superantis Albæ.
 Dilecta Fauno, et capripednm choris
 Pineta, testor vos, Anio minax
 Quæcunque per clivos volutus
 Præcipiti tremefecit amne,
 Illius altum Tibur, et Æsulæ
 Audisse sylvas nomen amabiles,

Illius et gratas Latinis

Naiasin ingeminâsse rupes:

Nam me Latinæ naiades uvidâ

Vidêre ripâ, quâ niveas levi

Tam sæpe lavit rore plumas

Dulcè canens Venusinus ales;

Mirum! canenti conticuit nemus,

Sacrique sontes, et retinent adhuc

(Sic musa jussit) saxa molles

Docta modos, veteresque lauri.

Mirare nec tu me citharæ rudem

Claudis laborantem numeris: loca

Amæna, jucundumque ver in-

compositum docuere carmen;

Hærent sub omni nam folio nigri

Phœbea luci (credite) somnia,

Argutiusque et lymphæ et auræ

Nescio quid solito loquuntur.

FRAGMENT
OF
A LATIN POEM.

This was sent by Mr. Gray to his friend West, with a reference to the following passage in Sandy's travels: " West of
" Cicero's Villa stands the eminent Gaurus, a stony and
" desolate mountain, in which there are diverse obscure
" caverns, choaked almost with earth, where many have
" consumed much fruitless industry in searching for treasure. The famous Lucrine lake extended formerly from
" Avernus to the aforesaid Gaurus: but is now no other
" than a little sedgy splash, choaked up by the horrible and
" astonishing eruption of the new mountain; whereof, as
" oft as I think, I am easy to credit whatsoever is wonderful. For who here knows not, or who elsewhere will
" believe, that a mountain should arise (partly out of a lake
" and partly out of the sea) in one day and a night, unto
" such a height as to contend in altitude with the high
" mountains adjoining? In the year of our Lord 1538, on
" the 29th of september, when for certain days foregoing
" the country hereabout was so vexed with perpetual earthquakes, as no one house was left so entire as not to expect an immediate ruin; after that the sea had retired
" two hundred paces from the shore (leaving abundance of
" fish, and springs of fresh water rising in the bottom),
" this mountain visibly ascended, about the second hour

" of the night, with an hideous roaring, horribly vomiting
 " stones and such store of cinders as overwhelmed all the
 " building thereabout, and the salubrious baths of Triper-
 " gula, for so many ages celebrated; consumed the vines
 " to ashes, killing birds and beasts: the fearful inhabitants
 " of Puzzol flying through the dark with their wives and
 " children; naked, defiled, crying out, and detesting their
 " calamities. Manifold mischiefs have they suffered by the
 " barbarous, yet none like this which nature inflicted.—
 " This new mountain, when newly raised, had a number
 " of issues; at some of them smoking and sometimes flam-
 " ing; at others disgorging rivulets of hot waters; keeping
 " within a terrible rumbling; and many miserably perished
 " that ventured to descend into the hollowness above. But
 " that hollow on the top is at present an orchard, and the
 " mountain throughout is bereft of its terrors."—*Sandy's*
travels, book 4, pages 275, 277, 278.

NĒC procul infelix se tollit in æthera Gaurus,
 Prospiciens vitreum lugenti vertice pontum:
 Tristior ille diu, et veteri desuetus olivâ
 Gaurus, pampineæque cheu jam nescius umbræ;
 Horrendi tam sæva premit vicinia montis,
 Attonitumque urget latus, exuritque ferentem.

Nam fama est olim, mediâ dum rura silebant
 Nocte, Deo victa, et molli perfusa quiete,
 Infremuisse æquor ponti, auditamque per omnes

Latè tellurem surdùm immugire cavernas:
 Quo sonitu nemora alta tremunt; tremit excita tuto
 Parthenopæa sinu, flammantisque ora Vesevi.
 At subitò se aperire solum, vastosque recessus
 Pandere sub pedibus, nigrâque voragine fauces;
 Tum piceas cinerum glomerare sub æthere nubes
 Vorticibus rapidis, ardentique imbre procellam.
 Præcípites fugere feræ, perque avia longè
 Sylvarum fugit pastor, juga per deserta,
 Ah, miser! increpitans sæpè altâ voce per umbram
 Nequicquam natos, creditque audire sequentes.
 Atque ille excelso rupis de vertice solus
 Respectans notasque domos, et dulciâ regna,
 Nil usquàm videt infelix præter mare tristi
 Lumine percussum, et pallentes sulphure campos,
 Fumumque, flammasque, rotataque turbine saxa.
 Quin ubi detonuit fragor, et lux reddita cœlo;
 Mæstos confluere agricolas, passuque videres
 Tandem iterum timido deserta requirere tecta:
 Sperantes, si forte oculis, si forte darentur
 Uxorum cineres, miserorumve ossa parentum
 (Tenuia, sed tanti saltem solatia luctus)
 Unâ colligere et justâ componere in urnâ.

Uxorū nusquam cineres, nusquam ossa parentum
(Spem miseram!) assuetosve Lares, aut rura vide-
bunt.

Quippe ubi planities campi diffusa jacebat;
Mons novus: ille supercilium, frontemque favillā
Incanum ostentans, ambustis cautibus, æquor
Subjectum, stragemque suam, mæsta arva, minaci
Despicit imperio, soloque in littore regnat.

Hinc infame loci nomen, multosque per annos
Immemor antiquæ laudis, nescire labores
Vomeris, et nullo tellus revirescere cultu.
Non avium colles, non carmine matutino
Pastorum resonare; adèd undique dirus habebat
Informes latè horror agros saltusque vacantes.
Sæpius et longè detorquens navita proram
Monstrabat digito littus, sævæque revolvens
Funera narrabat noctis, veteremque ruinam.

Montis adhuc facies manet hirta atque aspera
saxis:

Sed furor extinctus jamdudum, et flamma quievit,
Quæ nascenti aderat; seu fortè bituminis atri
Defluxere olīm rivi, atque effœta lacuna
Pabula sufficere ardori, viresque recusat;

Sive in visceribus meditans incendia jam nunc
 (Horrendùm) arcanis glomerat genti esse futuræ
 Exitio, sparsos tacitusque recolligit ignes.

Raro per clivos haud secius ordine vidi
 Canescentem oleam: longum post tempus amicti
 Vite virent tumuli; patriamque revisere gaudens
 Bacchus in assuetis tenerum caput exerit arvis
 Vix tandem, infidoque audet se credere cœlo.

FAREWELL TO FLORENCE.

* * OH Fæsulæ amæna

Frigoribus juga, nec nimiùm spirantibus auris!
 Alma quibus Tusci Pallas decus Apennini
 Esse dedit, glaucâque suâ canescere sylvâ!
 Non ego vos posthâc Arni de valle videbo
 Porticibus circum, et candenti cincta coronâ
 Villarum longè nitido consurgere dorso,
 Antiquamve Ædem, et veteres præferre Cupressus
 Mirabor, tectisque super pendentia tecta.

IMITATION
OF
AN ITALIAN SONNET
OF

SIG. ABBATE BUONDELMONTE.

LUSIT amicitiae interdum velatus amictu,
Et benè compositâ veste fefellit amor.
Mox iræ assumsit cultus, faciemque minantem,
Inque odium versus, versus et in lacrymas:
Ludentem fuge, nec lacrymanti, aut crede furenti;
Idem est dissimili semper in ore Deus.

O D E

WRITTEN IN THE
ALBUM OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE,
IN DAUPHINY, AUGUST 1741.

O H tu, severi religio loci,
 Quocunque gaudes nomine (non leve
 Nativa nam certè fluenta
 Numen habet, veteresque sylvas;
 Præsentiorem et conspicimus Deum
 Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
 Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
 Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem;
 Quàm si repòstus sub trabe citreâ
 Fulgeret auro, et Phidiacâ manu)
 Salve vocanti ritè, fesso et
 Da placidam juveni quietem.
 Quod si invidendis sedibus, et frui
 Fortuna sacrâ lege silentii
 Vetat volentem, me resorbens
 In medios violenta fluctus:

Saltem remoto des, pater, angulo
 Horas senectæ ducere liberas;
 Tutumque vulgari tumultu
 Surripias, hominumque curis.

PART OF
 AN HEROIC EPISTLE
 FROM
 SOPHONISBA TO MASSINISSA.

EGREGIUM accipio promissi Munus amoris,
 Inque manu mortem, jam fruitura, fero:
 Atque utinam citius mandasses, luce vel unâ;
 Transieram Stygios non inhonesta lacus.
 Victoris nec passa toros, nova nupta, mariti,
 Nec fueram fastus, Roma superba, tuos.
 Scilicet hæc partem tibi, Massinissa, triumph
 Detractam, hæc pompæ jura minora suæ
 Imputat, atque uxor quòd non tua pressa catenis,
 Objecta et sævæ plausibus urbis eo:
 Quin tu pro tantis cepisti præmia factis,

Magnum Romanæ pignus amicitiae!
 Scipiadae excuses, oro, si tardius utar
 Munere. Non nimium vivere, crede, velim.
 Parva mora est, breve sed tempus mea fama requirit:
 Detinet hæc animam cura suprema meam.
 Quæ patriæ prodesse meæ regina ferebar,
 Inter Elisæas gloria prima nurus,
 Ne videar flammæ nimis indulsisse secundæ,
 Vel nimis hostiles extimuisse manus.
 Fortunam atque annos liceat revocare priores,
 Gaudiaque heu! quantis nostra repensa malis.
 Primitiasne tuas meministi atque arma Syphacis
 Fusa, et per Tyrias ducta trophæa vias?
 (Laudis at antiquæ forsân meminisse pigebit,
 Quodque decus quondam causa ruboris erit.)
 Tempus ego certe memini, felicia Pænis
 Quo te non puduit solvere vota deis;
 Mæniaque intrantem vidi: longo agmine duxit
 Turba salutantum, purpureique patres.
 Fæminea ante omnes longe admiratur euntem
 Hæret et aspectu tota caterva tuo.
 Jam flexi, regale decus, per colla capilli,
 Jam decet ardenti fuscus in ore color!

Commendat frontis generosa modestia formam,

Seque cupit laudi surripuisse suæ.

Prima genas tenui signat vix flore juvenas,

Et dextræ soli credimus esse virum.

Dum faciles gradiens oculos per singula jactas,

(Seu rexit casus lumina, sive Venus)

In me (vel certè visum est) conversa morari

Sensi; virgineus perculit ora pudor.

Nescio quid vultum molle spirare tuendo,

Credideramque tuos lentius ire pedes.

Quærebam, juxta æqualis si dignior esset,

Quæ poterat visus detinuisse tuos:

Nulla fuit circum æqualis quæ dignior esset,

Asseruitque decus conscia forma suum.

Pompæ finis erat. Totâ vix nocte quievi:

Sin premat invitæ lumina victa sopor,

Somnus habet pompas, eademque recursat imago;

Atque iterum hesterno munere victor ades.

* * * * *

DIDACTIC POEM, UNFINISHED,

ENTITLED,

DE PRINCIPIIS COGITANDI.

LIBER PRIMUS,

AD FAVONIUM.

UNDE animus scire incipiat: quibus inchoet orsa
 Principiis seriem rerum, tenuemque catenam
 Mnemosyne: ratio unde rudi sub pectore tardum
 Augeat imperium; et primum mortalibus ægris
 Ira, dolor, metus, et curæ nascentur inanes,
 Hinc canere aggredior. Nec dedignare canentem,
 O decus! Angliacæ certe O lux altera gentis!
 Si quâ primus iter monstras, vestigia conor
 Signare incertâ, tremulâque insistere plantâ.
 Quin potius duc ipse (potes namque omnia) sanctum
 Ad limen, (si ritè adeo, si pectore puro,)
 Obscuræ reserans naturæ ingentia claustra.
 Tu cæcas rerum causas, fontemque severum

Pande, pater; tibi enim, tibi, veri magne sacerdos,
 Corda patent hominum, atque altæ penetralia mentis.

Tuque aures adhibe vacuas, facilesque, Favonî,
 (Quod tibi crescit opus) simplex nec despice carmen,
 Nec vatem; non illa leves primordia motus,
 Quanquam parva, dabunt. Lætum vel amabile quic-
 quid

Usquam oritur, trahit hinc ortum; nec surgit ad
 auras,

Quin ea conspirent simul, eventusque secudent.

Hinc variæ vitæ artes, ac mollior usus,

Dulce et amicitiae vinclum: sapientia dia

Hinc roseum accendit lumen, vultuque sereno

Humanas aperit mentes, nova gaudia monstrans,

Deformesque fugat curas, vanosque timores:

Scilicet et rerum crescit pulcherrima virtus.

Illa etiam, quæ te (mirum) noctesque diesque

Assiduè fovet inspirans, linguamque sequentem

Temperat in numeros, atque horas mulcet inertes;

Aurea non aliâ se jactat origine musa.

Principio, ut magnum fœdus natura creatrix

Firmavit, tardis jussitque inolescere membris

Sublimes animas; tenebroso in carcere partem

Noluit ætheream longo torpere veterno :
 Nec per se proprium passa exercere vigorem est,
 Ne sociæ molis conjunctos sperneret artus,
 Ponderis oblita, et cœlestis conscia flammæ.
 Idcirco innumero ductu tremere undique fibras
 Nervorum instituit : tum toto corpore miscens
 Implicuit latè ramos, et sensile textum,
 Implevitque humore suo (seu lympha vocanda,
 Sive aura est) tenuis certè, atque levissima quædam
 Vis versatur agens, parvosque infusa canales
 Perfluit; assidue externis quæ concita plagis,
 Mobilis, incussique fidelis nuntia motûs,
 Hinc indè accensâ contage relabitur usque
 Ad superas hominis sedes, arcemque cerebri.
 Namque illuc posuit solium, et sua templa sacravit
 Mens animi : hanc circum coëunt, densoque feruntur
 Agmine notitiæ, simulacraque tenuia rerum :
 Ecce autem naturæ ingens aperitur imago
 Immensæ, variique patent commercia mundi.

Ac uti longinquis descendunt montibus amnes
 Velivolus Tamisis, flaventisque Indus arenæ,
 Euphratesque, Tagusque, et opimo flumine Ganges,
 Undas quisque suas volvens, cursuque sonoro

In mare prorumpunt: hos magno acclinis in antro
 Excipit oceanus, natorumque ordine longo
 Dona recognoscit venientûm, ultròque serenat
 Cæruleam faciem, et diffuso marmore ridet.
 Haud aliter species properant se inferre novellæ
 Certatim menti, atque aditus quino agmine com-
 plent.

Primas tactus agit partes, primusque minutæ
 Laxat iter cæcum turbæ, recipitque ruentem.
 Non idem huic modus est, qui fratribus: amplius
 ille

Imperium affectat senior, penitusque medullis,
 Visceribusque habitat totis, pellisque recentem
 Funditur in telam, et latè per stamina vivit.
 Necdum etiam matris puer eluctatus ab alvo
 Multiplices solvit tunicas, et vincula rupit;
 Sopitus molli somno, tepidoque liquore
 Circumfusus adhuc: tactus tamen aura lacessit
 Jamdudum levior sensus, animamque reclusit.
 Idque magis simul, ac solitum blandumque calorem
 Frigore mutavit cœli, quod verberat acri
 Impete inassuetos artus: tum sævior adstat,
 Humanæque comes vitæ dolor excipit; ille

Cunctantem frustrà et tremulo multa ore querentem
 Corripit invadens, ferreisque amplexitur ulnis.
 Tum species primùm patefacta est candida lucis
 (Usque vices adeò natura bonique, malique,
 Exæquat, justâque manu sua damna rependit)
 Tum primùm, ignotosque bibunt nova lumina soles.

Carmine quo, Dea, te dicam, gratissima cœli
 Progenies, ortumque tuum; gemmantia rore
 Ut per prata levi lustras, et floribus halans
 Purpureum veris gremium, scenamque virentem
 Pingis, et umbriferos colles, et cærula regna?
 Gratia te, venerisque Lepos, et mille colorum,
 Formarumque chorus sequitur, motusque decentes.
 At caput invisum Stygiis nox atra tenebris
 Abdidit, horrendæque simul formidinis ora,
 Pervigilesque æstus curarum, atque anxius angor:
 Undique Lætitiâ florent mortalia corda,
 Purus et arridet largis fulgoribus æther.

Omnia nec tu idèò invalidæ se pandere menti
 (Quippe nimis teneros posset vis tanta diei
 Perturbare, et inexpertos confundere visus)
 Nec capere infantes animos, neu cernere credas
 Tam variam molem, et miræ spectacula lucis:

Nescio quâ tamen hæc oculos dulcedine parvos
 Splendida percussit novitas, traxitque sequentes;
 Nonne videmus enim, latis inserta fenestris
 Sicubi se Phœbi dispergant aurea tela,
 Sive lucernarum rutilus colluxerit ardor,
 Extemplo hûc obverti aciem, quæ fixa repertos
 Haurit inexpletum radios, fruiturque tuendo.

Altior huic verò sensu, majorque videtur
 Addita, judicioque arctè connexa potestas,
 Quod simul atque ætas volventibus auxerit annis,
 Hæc simul, assiduo depascens omnia visu,
 Perspiciet, vis quanta loci, quid polleat ordo,
 Juncturæ quis honos, ut res accendere rebus
 Lumina conjurant inter se, ut mutua fulgent.

Nec minor in geminis viget auribus insita virtus,
 Nec tantum in curvis quæ pervigil excubet antris
 Hinc atque hinc (ubi vox tremefecerit ostia pulsu
 Aëriis invecta rotis) longèque recurset:
 Scilicet eloquio hæc sonitus, hæc fulminis alas,
 Et mulcere dedit dictis et tollere corda,
 Verbaque metiri numeris, versuque ligare
 Repperit, et quicquid discant libethrides undæ,
 Calliope quotiès, quotiès pater ipse canendi

Evolvat liquidum carmen, calamove loquenti
Inspiret dulces animas, digitisque figuret.

At medias fauces, et linguæ humentia templa
Gustus habet, quâ se insinuet jucunda saporum
Luxuries, dona autumnî, Bacchique voluptas.

Naribus interea consedit odora hominum vis,
Docta leves captare auras, Panchaïa quales
Vere novo exhalat, Floræve quod oscula fragrant
Roscida, cum Zephyri furtim sub vesperis horâ
Respondet votis, mollemque aspirat amorem.

Tot portas altæ capitis circumdedit arcî
Alma parens, sensûsque vias per membra reclusit;
Haud solas: namque intus agit vivata facultas,
Quâ sese explorat, contemplatusque repenti
Ipse suas animus vires, momentaque cernit.
Quid velit, aut possit, cupiat, fugiatve, vicissim
Percipit imperio gaudens; neque corpora fallunt
Morigera ad celeres actus, ac numina mentis.

Qualis Hamadryadum quondam si fortè sororum
Una, novos peragrans saltus, et devia rura;
(Atque illam in viridi suadet procumbere ripâ
Fontis pura quies, et opaci frigoris umbra)
Dum prona in latice speculi de margine pendet,

Mirata est *subitam* venienti occurrere *nympham* :

Mox eosdem, quos ipsa, artus, eadem ora gerentem

Unà inferre gradus, unà succedere *sylvæ*

Aspicit alludens ; seseque agnoscit in undis.

Sic sensu interno rerum simulacra suarum

Mens ciet, et proprios observat conscia vultus.

Nec verò simplex ratio, aut jus omnibus unum

Constat imaginibus. Sunt quæ bina ostia nôrunt ;

Hæ privos servant aditus ; sine legibus illæ

Passim, quâ data porta, ruunt, animoque propinquant.

Respice, cui a cunis tristes extinxit ocellos,

Sæva et in eternas mersit natura tenebras :

Illi ignota dies lucet, vernusque colorum

Offusus nitor est, et vivæ gratia formæ.

Corporis at filum, et motus, spatiumque, locique

Intervalla datur certo dignoscere tactu :

Quandoquidem his iter ambiguum est, et janua duplex,

Exclusæque oculis species irrumpere tendunt

Per digitos. Atqui solis concessa potestas

Luminibus blandæ est radios immittere lucis.

Undique proporrò sociis, quacunquē patescit

Notitiæ campus, mistæ lasciva feruntur
 Turba voluptatis comites, formæque dolorum
 Terribiles visu, et portâ glomerantur in omni.
 Nec vario minus introïtu magnum ingruit illud,
 Quo facere et fungi, quo res existere circùm
 Quamque sibi proprio cum corpore scimus, et ire
 Ordine, perpetuoque per ævum flumine labi.

Nunc age quo voleat pacto, quâ sensilis arte
 Affectare viam, atque animi tentare latebras
 Materies (dictis aures adverte faventes)
 Exsequar. Imprimis spatii quam multa per æquor
 Millia multigenis pandant se corpora seclis,
 Expende. Haud unum invenies, quod mente licebit
 Amplecti, nedum propriùs deprendere sensu,
 Molis egens certæ, aut solido sine robore, cujus
 Denique mobilitas linquit, texturave partes,
 Ulla nec orarum circumcæsuræ coërcet,
 Hæc conjuncta adeò totâ compage fatetur
 Mundus, et extremo clamant in limine rerum,
 (Si rebus datur extremum) primordia. Firmat
 Hæc eadem tactus (tactum quis dicere falsum
 Audeat?) hæc oculi nec lucidus arguit orbis.

Inde potestatum enasci densissima proles ;

Nam quodcunque ferit visum, tangive laborat,
 Quicquid nare bibis, vel concava concipit auris,
 Quicquid lingua sapit, credas hoc omne, necesse est
 Ponderibus, textu, discursu, mole, figurâ
 Particulas præstare leves, et semina rerum.
 Nunc oculos igitur pascunt, et luce ministrâ
 Fulgere cuncta vides, spargique coloribus orbem,
 Dum de sole trahunt alias, aliasque supernè
 Detorquent, retròque docent se vertere flammâs.
 Nunc trepido inter se fervent corpuscula pulsu,
 Ut tremor æthera per magnum, latèque natantes
 Aurarum fluctus avidi vibrantia claustra
 Auditûs queat allabi, sonitumque propaget.
 Cominûs interdum non ullo interprete per se
 Nervorum invadunt teneras quatientia fibras,
 Sensiferumque urgent ultrò per viscera motum.

* * * * *

DE PRINCIPIIS COGITANDI.

LIBER QUARTUS.

HACTENUS haud segnis naturæ arcana retexi
 Musarum interpres, primusque Britanna per arva
 Romano liquidum deduxi flumine rivum.
 Cum tu opere in medio, spes tanti et causa laboris,
 Linquis, et æternam fati te condis in umbram!
 Vidi egomet duro graviter concussa dolore
 Pectora, in alterius non unquam lenta dolorem;
 Et languere oculos vidi, et pallescere amantem
 Vultum, quo nunquam pietas nisi rara, fidesque,
 Altus amor veri, et purum spirabat honestum.
 Visa tamen tardi demùm inclementia morbi
 Cessare est, reducemque iterum roseo ore salutem
 Speravi, atque unà tecum, dilecte Favoni!
 Credulus heu longos, ut quondàm, fallere soles:
 Heu spes nequicquam dulces, atque irrita vota!
 Heu mæstos soles, sine te quos ducere flendo
 Per desideria, et questus jam cogor inanes!

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 Heu mæstos soles, sine te quos ducere flendo
 Per desideria, et questus jam cogor inanes!

At tu, sancta anima, et nostri non indiga luctûs,
 Stellanti templo, sincerique ætheris igne,
 Unde orta es, fruerè: atque o si segura, nec ultra
 Mortalis, notos olîm miserata labores
 Respectes, tenuesque vacet cognoscere curas;
 Humanam si fortè altâ de sede procellam
 Contemplêre, metus, stimulosque cupidinis acres,
 Gaudiaque et gemitus, parvoque in corde tumultum
 Irarum ingentem, et sævos sub pectore fluctus;
 Respice et has lacrymas, memori quas ictus amore
 Fundo; quod possum, juxtâ lugere sepulchrum
 Dum juvat, et mutæ vana hæc jactare favillæ.

* * * * *

FINIS.

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